THE OXFORDIAN

SENIORS '51

by E.E.B.
E.L.C.
C.V.H.
G.H.S

UPSTAIRS

Harriet Clifford

#016471

DINNY

MARCIA

FACULTY

COATS

LOUNGE

ROOM

BETH

COURT YARD

LIBRARY

ROCKY

B-21

JENNY

CYNTHIA

JEAN

EMILY

NANCY

1

GYM

LIZO

CLAIRE

CONNIE

STAIRS

BETSY

ALL

OFFICE

SMALL ASSEMBL

ANN

" X "

SS GRAFF'S OFFICE

SALLIE

GARA

TO BUS

DOWNSTAIRS

THE

1951

Oxfordian

The Oxford School

Hartford, Conn.

To the ideals expressed in our school prayer
that they may find increasing expression in our lives,
we, the class of 1951, are proud to dedicate
this book.

Infinite Father, we beseech Thee to bestow Thy blessing on the members of this school. ✢ Teach us to govern ourselves, controlled and cleanly, athletes of the spirit. Teach us the pure delight in simple things, in play that keeps the joy of life, in work that builds enduring satisfactions. ✢ Instruct us in Thy law until we make obedience the way of our hearts, direct us into Thy pure Spirit, till we be able to wear the crown of victory without pride. ✢ Defend us from cowardice, from slackness, from flight, from indolence, from quitting, from the cheap luxury of self-pity, from the ignominy of selfishness, and from the vain refuge of a lie. ✢ Enable us to be good followers of Jesus Christ: to fight a good fight, to run a straight race, and to keep through all adventure the unbroken vigil of the soul. ✢ Amen.

A School Prayer by Warren Seymour Archibald

Dedication

FACULTY AND STAFF

Left to Right—First Row: Miss Bartlett, Miss Jarrell, Miss Wuori, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Torrey, Miss Hall, Miss Graff, Mrs. McGuinn, Miss Hamilton, Miss Harry, Miss Carroll, Miss Hart, Mrs. Diaz. *Second Row:* Mrs. Wilson, Miss Root, Mrs. Paul, Miss Evans, Miss Cummings, Miss Carlisle, Mr. Wilcock, Miss Hamlen, Miss Gibney, Miss Storrs, Miss Lasell, Mme. LaBrecque, Mrs. Dexter, Mrs. Gavert. *Absent:* Mrs. Ziemba, Mr. Griswold.

Faculty and Staff

SCHOOL FACULTY AND STAFF

Dorothy Graff, A.B., M.A.	Headmistress
Mary W. McGuinn, A.B.	Assistant to the Headmistress for the Lower School, Latin, Mathematics
Edith N. Evans, B.S., M.A.	English, Chemistry
Mary B. Gibney, A.B., M.A.	English
Barbara Jarrell, A.B.	English
Gloria C. Gavert, A.B., M.A.	Dramatics, Oral English
Verna M. Carlisle	Lower School English, Science
Brendan Griswold, A.B.	Bible, Ethics
Jean L. Harry, A.B., M.A.	French
Yvonne LaBrecque, A.B., B.èsL., M.A.	French
Lucia Sharp Dexter, A.B.	French
Ellen K. Wuori, A.B., M.A.	Latin
Hazel Gay Paul, A.B.	Spanish
Verne M. Hall, A.B., M.A.	History
Edgar W. Wilcock, A.B.	History
Elizabeth M. Hamilton, A.B.	Mathematics
Shirley B. Storrs, A.B.	Mathematics
Helen van Dyck Brown, A.B.	Biology, General Science
Marion B. Wilson, B.S.	Art
Marion Boron-Ziemba, B.Mus., M.A.	Music
Carl Walton Deckelman	Piano
Page Sharp, B.S.	Consulting Psychologist
Daniel F. Harvey, B.S., M.D.	Consulting Physician
Eleanor F. Lasell, B.S.	Physical Education
Aida Maria Diaz, B.S., M.A.	Dance, Physical Education
Constance Bartlett	Physical Education
Esther L. Hamlen	Librarian
Lillian M. Carroll	Financial Secretary
Doris I. Cummings, A.B.	Secretary to the Headmistress
Mary M. Torrey	Academic Secretary
Jane G. Hart	Office Secretary
Sarah W. Root	Dietitian and House Manager

Grace Stephenson ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
Elizabeth Butler ..... *Associate Editor*
Constance Hara ..... *Art Editor*
Dorian Wilkes ..... *Business Manager*

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The Oxfordian Board

SENIORS

OXFORD

1951

VINCIT

CONN

SALLIE BARR

Wit and wisdom are born with a man.

Well-traveled Sallie has entertained us often with tales of her trips to Europe and to South America. Her wit adds interest to her writing, and we suspect that it is partly responsible when we see her so often laughing with Phyllis. Sallie is a girl of many talents: she is artist as well as writer, and was winner of the French prize in her junior year. Chat, 3, Art Editor, 1; Oxfordian Associate Editor, 1, Literary Editor, 1; Clef Club, 1; Art Workshop, 2; Salon Français, 1; Glee Club, 1; Proctor, 1; Paint and Putty, 1.

CLAIRE BELLMER

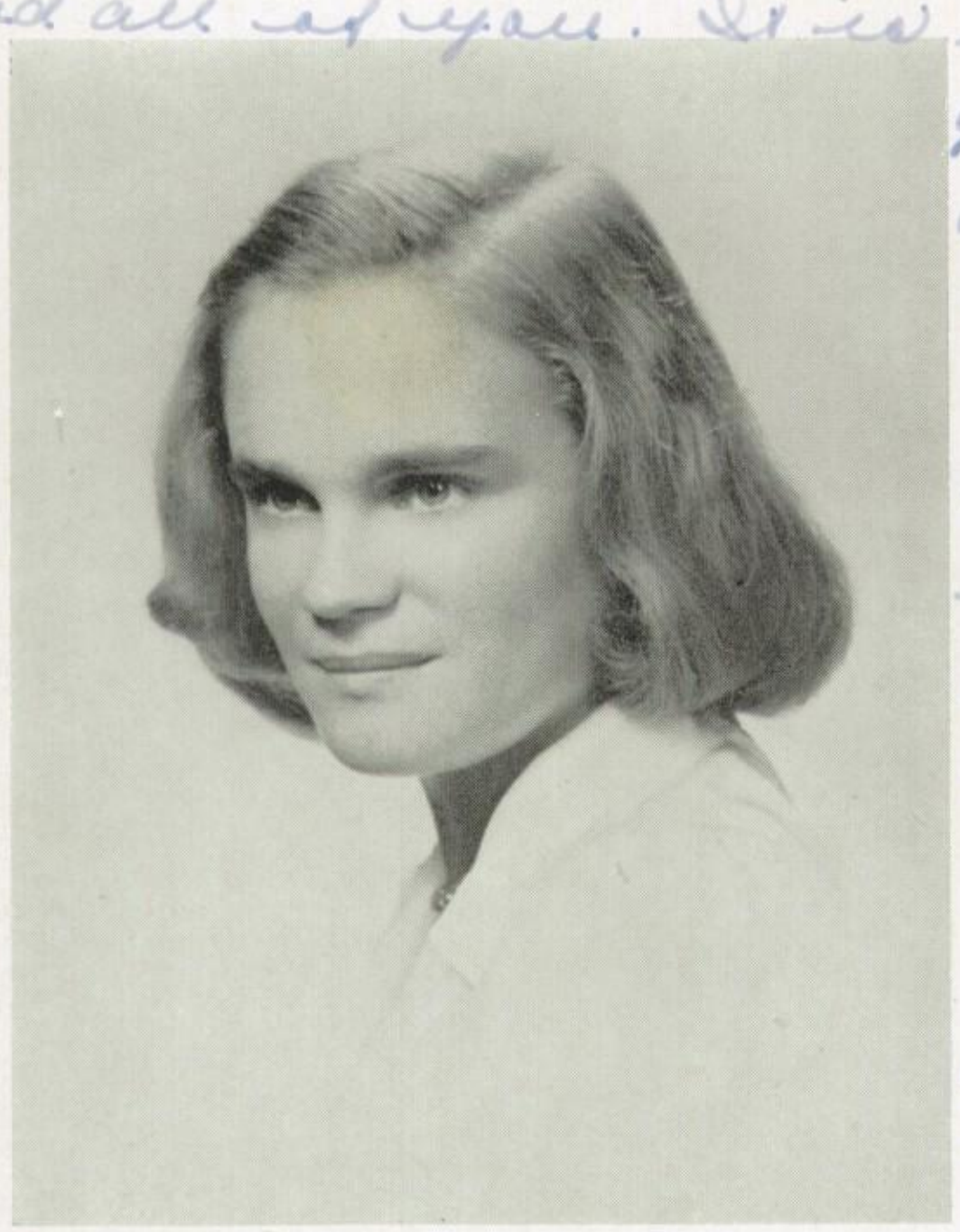
A Daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

We've often watched a tall good-looking guard prevent a point in basketball or a full-back avert a goal in hockey. This athletic aptitude has made Claire a permanent member of our teams; in fact, our class team couldn't do without her! A neat and trim girl, she has the faculty for remaining unruffled in trying situations. Under her reticent manner lies a very good-natured disposition. Clef Club, 2, Secretary, 1, President, 1; Glee Club, 1; Salon Français, 1; Proctor, 1.

Dear Harriet,

I shall miss Dance Club next year and all of you. It is so hard to believe that I must be at Oxford much longer. I'm sure I shall fall down the steps in Church and be very embarrassed. But of luck to you Harriet and have a wonderful summer. If you are ever interested in Connecticut we were to come & see me.

Love,
Betsy



ELIZABETH BUTLER

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

We should be glad to let Betsy represent us anywhere. Her poise and graciousness in any situation, her quiet and gentle ways are indispensable. We enjoy her sense of humor and her versatility. Whether Betsy is introducing a speaker at assembly, or is dancing, we have complete confidence in her. Betsy can even be a satisfactory elderly gentleman! Assembly and Chapel Chairman, 3; Oxford Council, 2; Court, 1; Paint and Putty, 3; Dance Club, 3, Secretary-Treasurer, 1; Secretary, Class IX; Oxfordian Associate Editor, 1; Service Club Secretary, 1; Proctor, 1.

MAUD CARY

I laugh'd and danc'd and talk'd and sung.

Happy-go-lucky Rocky can most often be found knitting Argyles or composing new routines for Dance Club. She is independent, but can always be counted on to aid in keeping the lounge neat and quiet. Rocky has the ability not only to make but to retain friends; this is shown in her wide variety of acquaintances. Perhaps in the future she will be able to combine her love of aviation and of science into a career. Dance Club, 3; Spanish Club, 2, President, 1; Glee Club, 1; Clef Club, 1; Chat, 1.

Dear Harriet,
I will always remember your wonderful dance in the recital. I'm sure you must have spent a long time working on it to do such a wonderful job. I could never do such a thing if I was paid. Your class is full of fun and I am sure you will have wonderful times in your coming years at Oxford.
Best of everything,
Beth

ELIZABETH COOK

The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good.

A pinch of quietness, a cup of sweetness, a tablespoon of cheerfulness, and the result is Beth. Her true capabilities were tested when our class was called upon to take Chapel. As our representative for two years Beth used her persuasive powers to induce us to do our part. This dependability coupled with her reserve are characteristic traits of Beth. Paint and Putty, 2; Chapel Representative, 2; Spanish Club, 2; Political Science Club, 2, Vice-President, 1; Social Committee, 1.

Dear Harriet—

I'm afraid this pen isn't much good. I hope you can read it. This year has certainly been fun and I hate to leave.

Do have fun next year. It's been sweet knowing you.

Best of luck to a terrific girl,

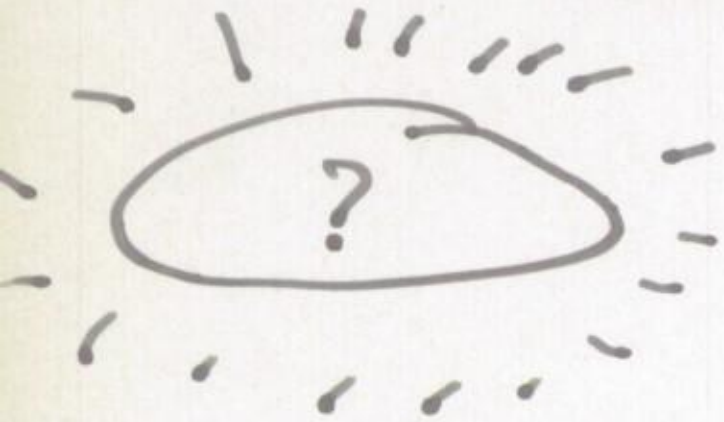
Cynthia—

CYNTHIA COOLIDGE

The happiness of men consists in life.

A sympathetic ear and the responsiveness of a good listener make tall gracious Cynnie an essential member of our talkative class. Yet she is not so quiet as she may first appear — dreaming or otherwise! Daily trips from Farmington have been part of her school career, while summers in Vermont are an important part of her life. Glee Club, 2; Chapel Choir, 1; Salon Français, 1; Political Science Club, 2.

Hattie: This certainly has been a neat party - n'est-ce pas?!? I truly can't get over your class - You really make a swell bunch. Well - in only 2 more years - it'll be your turn. Don't know how come every minute is packed with fun and parties — next year's Hist. class is the best course in the school - there - I've said my piece - Lots of Love, Pemmie



ELIZABETH DONEGAN

A kind and gentle heart he had . . .

Pem has been an integral part of our class since she became a charter member eight years ago. She has proved herself not only an actress but an able officer of Paint and Putty. Pemmie has a sweet smile, a natural graciousness and modesty; she is always willing to help, asking nothing in return — except maybe a green square for her afghan. Glee Club, 2; Paint and Putty, 3, Secretary-Treasurer, 2; Proctor, 1; Salon Français, 2, Secretary-Treasurer, 1; Political Science Club, 1.

Dear Harriet,
Dance Club really has been terrific and Mrs. Diaz is such a wonder-teacher that I know the Club will go far. You really have a great deal of ability in the dance field, so I'll have to come to the Dance Recital.

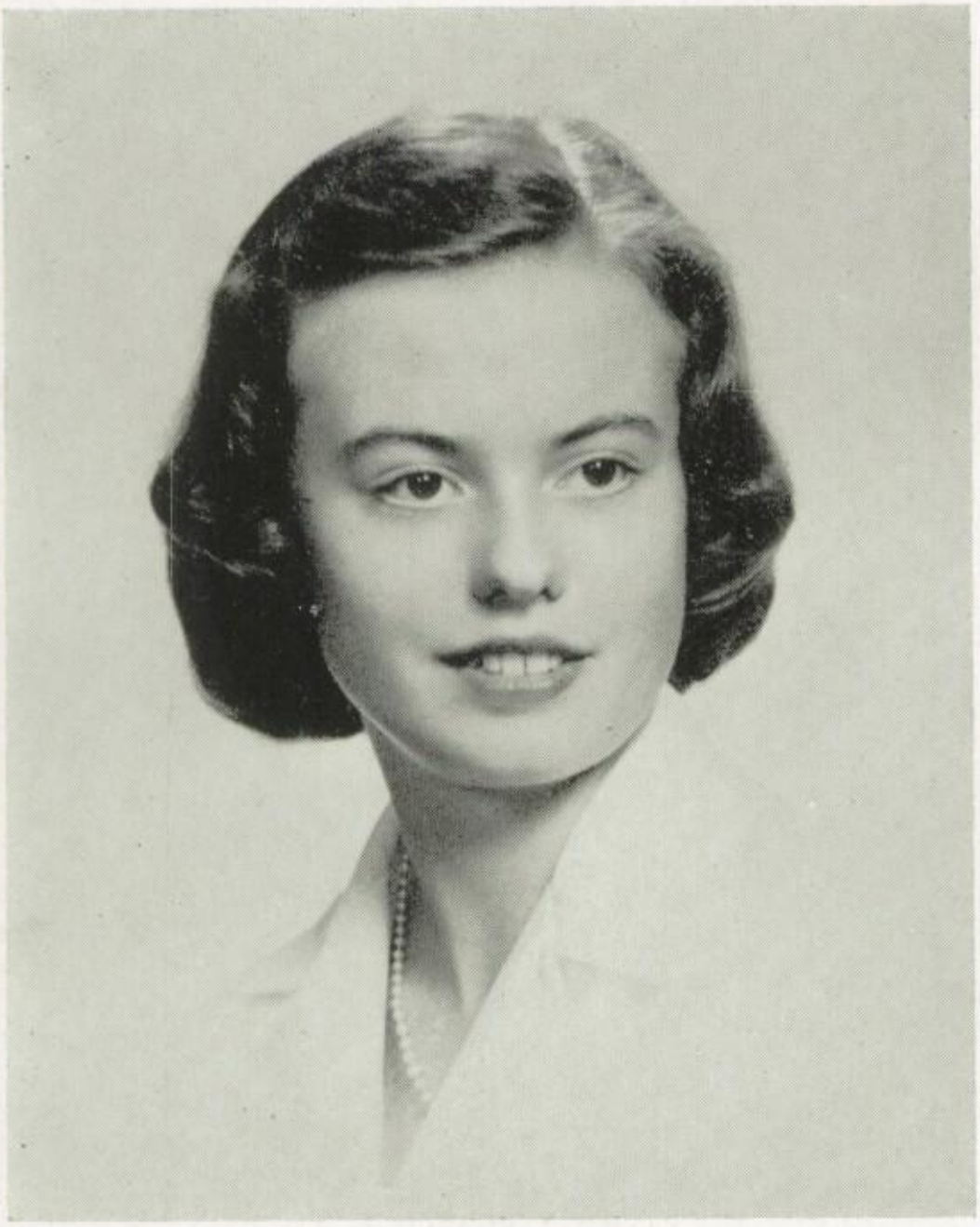
I hope you enjoy climbing three flights of stairs to the Junior Her boot early and night Monday morning. Oh well — Have a wonderful year. next year

Love, and luck,
Dinny

ISABEL DUFFIELD

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

With her enthusiastic spirit and love of people, Dinny has enlivened the school throughout her Oxford career. As president of O.A.A. she has increased the interest of the school in its affairs, as demonstrated in the outstanding success of the Fair. Her consideration of medicine as a possible profession is consistent with her enjoyment of science courses. Lovely gray eyes flashing — there's never a dull moment with Dinny. President, Class IX; Oxford Council, 2; Paint and Putty, 3; Dance Club, 4; Athletic Council, 3, President, 1; Clef Club, 2; Gray Team cheerleader, 3; Chat, 1; Political Science Club, 1.



ANN FISHER

His fame, like gold, the more 'tis tried,
The more shall its intrinsic worth proclaim.

To think of Ann is to think of friendliness and understanding leadership. Her earnestness is tempered by an enthusiasm for fun and laughter, a good balance to help with the exacting duties of president of O.S.A. Ann has recently become an adept in the art of tea-pouring, one of her more delightful and delicious duties. O.S.A., President, 1, Vice-President, 1; President, Class X; Vice-President, Class IX; Glee Club, 4; Chapel Choir, 3; Oxford Council, 4; Social Committee, 1; Proctor, 1; Paint and Putty, 2; Dance Workshop, 1; Salon Français, 1.

PHYLLIS FRENCH

He was ever precise in promise-keeping.

One of the rare members of our class who is able to produce a cheerful smile on Monday morning, Phyllis has a sunny disposition which lasts all through the week. Regardless of a heavy schedule she enjoys math so much that she has elected it for a fourth year. "Oh I know I failed that test" is one of her frequent expressions. Despite this modesty, Phyllis is an able and diligent worker. Glee Club, 1; Clef Club, 1; Salon Français, 1, Vice-President, 1; Paint and Putty, 1.

Dear Harriet,

The best of luck to you on the S.N. Committee; I know that you're doing a grand job as chairman!!

You've got a wonderful class, and your years at Oxford will fly!

The best of luck to
e small Gal. the
morning we woked
t the hospital was
fun, n'est-ce pas?!

Love,
Barb

BARBARA GOWDY

I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.

With her calm and pleasant disposition, Barbara is a born leader and organizer. Her work for Northfield Conference, Foreign Policy, and as president of her Youth Fellowship are examples of her exceptional efficiency. She is a versatile athlete; her name has appeared on many team lists. Now, Barb, stop blushing—your dimples are showing! Oxford Council, 2; Glee Club, 3; Athletic Council, 3; Social Committee, 2; Chat Managing Editor, 1; Proctor, 1; Political Science Club, 1, Secretary, 1; Vice-President, Class XI; O.S.A. Secretary, 1.

Dear Harriet,
I'll never forget the party during Spring Vacation that we attended. It was really loads of fun. Keep Oxford in one piece and stay Hale - don't go away. You have done a wonderful job with the Study Hall - Congrats! I'd really write more except that I've got tickets stamp. Luck isn't necessary to wish you because you'll have it anyway.

Skidmore!

Love,
Jean

JEAN HANSON

As full of spirit as the month of May.

Quick to perceive a joke and equally capable of telling one, Jean has the happy faculty of being able to combine fun with the serious aspects of life. She has a heavy responsibility as senior president, which she carries out with maturity of purpose. Jean will make friends in any situation. Class President, XI, XII; Athletic Council, 3, Vice-President-Treasurer, 1; Paint and Putty, 2; Salon Français, 2; Proctor, 1; Court, 2, Secretary, 1; Oxford Council, 2; Oxfordian, 1; Service Club Treasurer, 1.

CONSTANCE HARA

I was never less alone than when by myself.

Upon her entrance into Oxford in junior year Connie immediately showed her artistic talents. Her posters are ingenious. By helping others knit Argyles, designing gorgeous "Hara" creations in the studio, and working on scenery as a member of the Paint and Putty production staff, Connie freely gives of her creative talents to many school activities. Paint and Putty, 2; Art Workshop, 2; Chat, 1; Oxfordian Art Editor, 1; Salon Français, 1; Social Committee, 1.

VIVIAN HATHAWAY

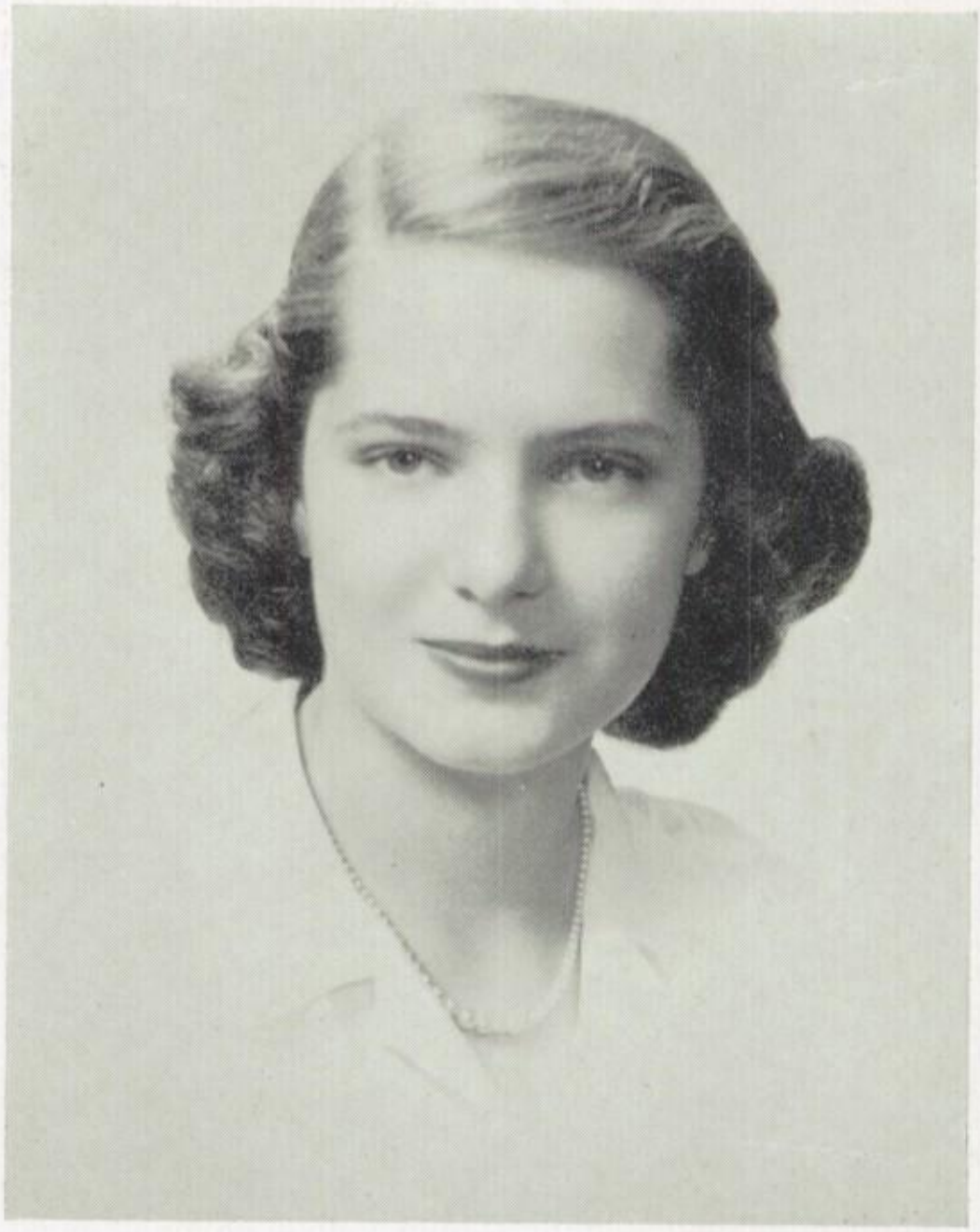
Of gentle manners blessed with much sense . . .

Combine short curly hair and an even suntan, a merry smile and infectious giggles, and you have Viv, one of the earliest members of our class. Because of her straightforward friendly manner, her practical approach to problems and her keen sense of justice, Vivian has become a consultant to and advisor of many. Frequently these seekers solve her own difficulties, don't they? Salon Français, 2, President, 1; Glee Club, 2; Clef Club, 2; Chat, 2; Oxfordian, 1; Political Science Club, 1; Paint and Putty, 2; Art Workshop, 1.

MARCIA KEENEY

Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Marcia well illustrates the adage "think before you speak," which makes her comments well chosen and constructive. Her interest in the world about her and in thinking problems through has given her a special inclination towards mathematics and science. Her abilities in music and art have won her position in both Glee Club and the art studio; despite her own modesty, we are constantly discovering Marcia's talents. Salon Français, 2; Glee Club, 2; Art Workshop, 2; Oxfordian, 1; Chat, 1; Paint and Putty, 1; Secretary, Class XII.



PAMELA KINGAN

There's a magic in the distance, where the sea-line meets the sky.

Pam's English background has contributed to her clear and crisp outlook. She is a determined worker, endowed with definite goals and definite opinions. She will sometimes take the opposite point of view in an argument to stimulate an interesting discussion. Pam has suffered from our erratic check writing for three years as class treasurer and is now taking fourth year math to help her help us! Class Treasurer, IX, X, XII; Clef Club, 1; Glee Club, 2; Paint and Putty, 2; Political Science Club, 2; Salon Français, 2; Oxfordian, 1; Chat Alumnae Editor, 1.

Dear Harriet -
its been honestly
sweet knowing you
these few years - may
I say that I have never
seen anyone improve as
dance so much as you
have this year - you'll
go far Harriet; also
thanks for the moral
support before I shakingly
went on the stage the
night of the recital.
Speaking of dance club -
you are taking your life in
your hands riding out to
the picnic with me tomorrow.
Have fun in your next years
Harriet - I'll see you soon
in the Future -

Luck to a sweet
girl
Moon.

PATRICIA MOONEY

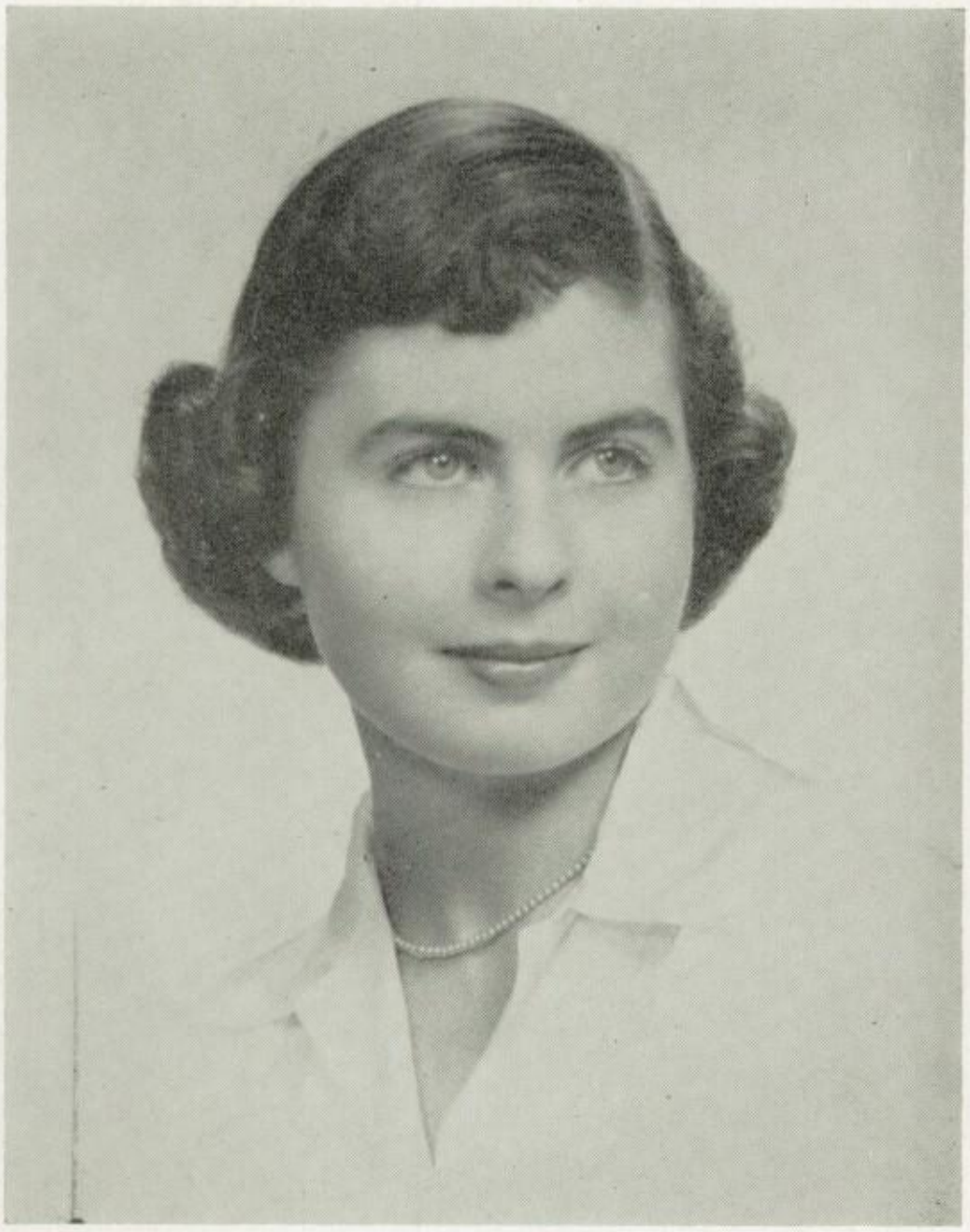
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store.

Whenever gales of laughter echo from the lounge, you can be almost certain that Pat is impersonating someone—beware! Her lively wit is evident in the class song and her imagination in her more serious poetry. Pat's ingenuity and artistic inclinations have been invaluable to the dance committee. Dance Club, 3; Clef Club, 2; Paint and Putty, 2; Salon Français, 2; Dance Workshop, 1; Social Committee, 1.

ANNE CARTER PECK

The highest of distinctions is service to others.

Although the youngest in our class, Carter has made an outstanding impression at Oxford. As a speaker she is remarkable for her diplomacy and oratorical skill. Her willingness to assist others is not confined to her immediate friends, for Carter has a desire to lend a helping hand to all — all cats included! Paint and Putty, 3; Chapel Representative, 1; Clef Club, 1; Proctor, 1; Oxfordian, 1; Service Club, 2, Vice-President, 1, President, 1; Salon Français, 2; Chat, 2, Assistant Editor, 1; Court, 1; Oxford Council, 1.



Dear Harriet,

Remember Those awful dance rehearsals oh — I leave you to two more years of The I'll never forget your dance This year It was just tremendous (I've never seen anything like it) Keep up The good work — really have talent. I hope your class has as good a time in your Junior year as ours did (w I Think you will — Know you!

The best of luck to a terrific gal.

love and luck

Nan

NANCY REID

Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.

Although at first glance Nancy appears shy and reserved, enthusiasm and originality are among her essential characteristics. With her alert mind and willingness to apply herself, Nancy has become a member of many extra-curricular activities. Her pert and poised femininity is manifest in her dress and manner — and her eyes can do anything! Dance Club, 4; Paint and Putty, 2; Political Science Club, 1; Proctor, 1; Chat Business Manager, 1; Salon Français, 2; Dance Workshop, 1; Art Workshop, 1; Secretary, Class X, XI.

MONICA REIDY

With malice towards none, with charity for all.

We don't need a song-book; Monica knows all the words! Her summers at camp supply us with verses enough to last all winter long. A Charleston addict, she is qualified to give support and instruction to possible pupils. We all like her sincerity and friendliness, and we appreciate her athletic prowess in all sports. Spanish Club, 2; Political Science Club, 2; Chat, 1.

JANE REYNOLDS

With my whole heart and with my whole soul.

The license J K R became a familiar landmark on Cone Street when Evanston lost and Hartford gained Jenny Kate. That was when we first glimpsed her willingness and her ability to contribute her all to everything. Jenny has made a name for herself with her leadership, her originality, and friendliness; her enthusiasm in all that she undertakes has been contagious. Paint and Putty, 2; Political Science Club, 2; Social Chairman, 1; O.S.A. Treasurer, 1, Oxford Council, 1; Spanish Club, 1.

Dear Harriet-

I can hardly believe that after six long years I have finally made the grade. Believe me, its a great feeling. Keep up the good work in dance club -- I was duly impressed with your ability in the recital --

Have a swell summer-

Loads of love

to a swell gal-

Emily

EMILY ROBINSON

Thou bringest valor too and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit.

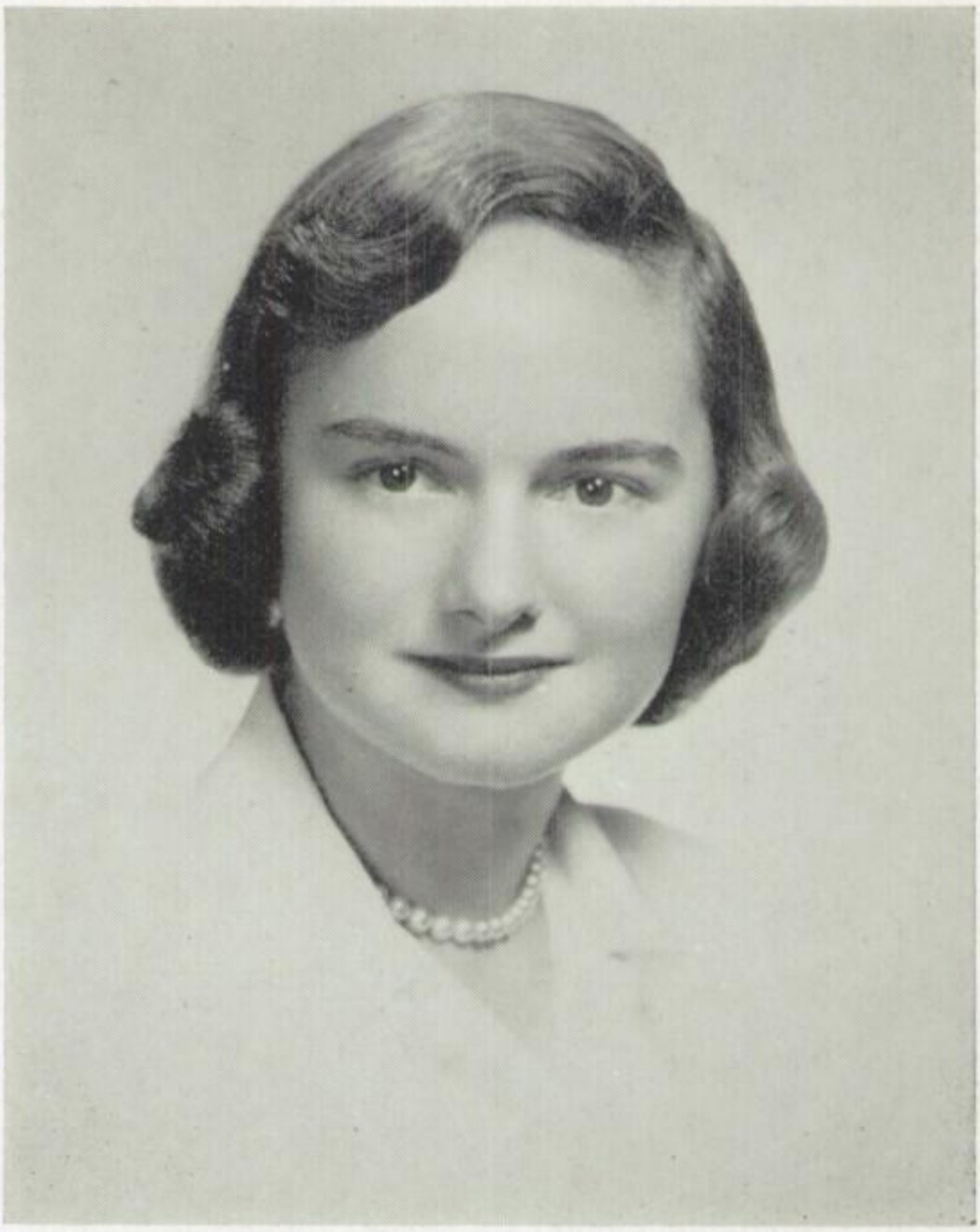
With her titian locks, her keen and entertaining wit and her flair for talking baby talk, Emily is one of our liveliest seniors. If she is not scoring a hit in hockey or basketball, she is at the piano with her own renditions of everything from the blues to Bach. Her energies as well as her resources are unbounded. Glee Club, 4, President, 1; Chapel Choir, 3; Paint and Putty, 3; Athletic Council, 4; Spanish Club, 2; Vice-president, Class IX, X, XII; Oxford Council, 3; Service Club Secretary, 1; Class Captain, 1; Proctor, 1.

Dear Harriet
I do hope
have as
much fun
at Oxford
the next
days (esp.
senior) as I
have had!
I know you
will love
every minute
of it even though the
work seems
hard!
lots of
luck
and success
always
and have
lots of good times always.
love, Pam-

PAMELA SNOW

She smiled and the shadows departed.

Pam's delicate complexion and twinkling eyes are pleasant to look at, her unostentatious but genuine loyalty good to remember. She is interested in both art and modern dance in the winter, while boating is her favorite summer activity. Tell us, Pam, how long did you wear the curlers this time? Dance Club, 3; Cheerleader, 2; Music Workshop, 1; Dance Workshop, 1; Clef Club, 1; Paint and Putty, 1.



FRANCES STEANE

Nothing is impossible to a willing heart.

With her unfailing good nature and industrious manner, Frannie as a friend leaves little to be desired. Her cheerfulness puts people at their ease the minute they meet her. Frannie's enthusiasm for dramatics was rewarded with the Paint and Putty presidency this year. She is without doubt . . . "Ooops, Frannie, leave now or you might miss graduation!" Paint and Putty, 3, President, 1; Glee Club, 3; Social Committee, 3; Service Club Secretary, 1; Chat, 1; Proctor, 1; Clef Club, 1; Athletic Council, 2.

GRACE STEPHENSON

So many worlds, so much to do.

Gracie's evident executive ability is accompanied by integrity and a cheerful disposition. Her talents as a journalist were recognized when she was elected editor of Chat. Its marvelous transformation was proof of her ingenuity, originality, and energetic perseverance. As editor of Oxfordian she is still meeting dead-lines and maneuvering printers with a twinkle in her eyes. Chat, 3, Editor-in-chief, 1; Salon Français, 1; Paint and Putty, 3; Glee Club, 1; Political Science Club, 1; Oxfordian, 2, Editor-in-chief, 1; Chapel Committee, 1; Clef Club, 2; Oxford Council, 1.

RITA STOUT

I will not leave you comfortless.

When Cookie returns to Hartford after a Kentucky summer one detects a southern ring in her voice. Her engaging smile, dark eyes, and pleasant disposition, together with her considerate nature and innate sweetness have drawn many friends to her. As both a member of the Oxfordian Photography Board and as Secretary of Spanish Club, Cookie has contributed much to the class of '51. Paint and Putty, 2; Spanish Club, 2, Secretary, 1; Oxfordian, 1.

Dear Harriet.

I just read what Gara said and I agree that you are very lucky to have a brother that can really waltz. Not many boys can so you must feel very lucky. Have loads of fun next year as a Junior and have fun writing your Junior Paper. I some doubt if you will have fun doing that — !!!

Lots of love to a swell gal.

Lizo

ELIZABETH VANDERBILT

As merry as the day is long.

When "Christmas is just around the corner," Lizo probably is, too. Her infectious humor and unmistakable laugh have entertained us since freshman year. Lizo is always in a hurry. The last ten-yard dash may be for class or for the bus. Caution — meeting her "around the corner" or near the Orange goal may be fatal! Athletic Council, 3; Orange Team Class Captain, 2; Political Science Club, 2; Spanish Club, 2; Proctor, 1; Class Captain, 1; Clef Club, 1; Service Club Treasurer, 1; Paint and Putty, 1.

ear Harriet,

I don't think I will ever forget that day last summer

hen you and your brother

ropped in on us with Jack.

ee he was a sorry sight

hat day but then his appearance

as very normal. I don't

ee why your brother doesn't

uiet him down - someone should.

I envy you with a

rother that can waltz - we had

re fun one night waltzing all

round our living room. That was another rare evening!

GARA VAN SCHAACK

By the work one knows the workman.

Without Gara's stabilizing effect, many a project would never have been completed successfully. Her efficiency and cooperative spirit have helped in the organization of many capable stage crews for Paint and Putty. She was among the first to obtain her license; Gara's car has become almost as indispensable as she herself! Athletic Council, 4; Paint and Putty, 3, Vice-President, 1; Oxford Council, 2; Class Representative, 1; Treasurer, Class XI; Clef Club, 1; Class Captain, 1; Orange Team Captain, 1; Chat Circulation Editor, 1; Oxfordian Photography Editor, 1; President, Class IX.

Well I will let

you go and answer

some other senior now

so have fun in

your future years

at Oxford and don't

get into too much

trouble -

Love 'n Luck

to a swell kid -

Sphinx

Dear Harriet -
Its been fun in
Dance club for the past
few years - you have alwa
been a terrific dancer and
I guess I sorta lagged
along behind - next yea
ought to be good - Mrs. Di
has some great plans!
I just ran out of
but here's to a great girl who
will go far I'm sure -
Luck 'n love,
Dorian

DORIAN WILKES

Come now, and let us reason together.

"Who? What? Where? When? Why?" These queries usually mean that Dorian is somewhere near. However, she is just as ready to answer a question as to ask one. This enviable ability to reason and discuss sensibly before coming to conclusions accounts for Dorian's realistic and philosophical outlook. Her analytical mind is further evident in her efficiency and cooperative attitude with her classmates. "What was that?" Dance Club, 3; Clef Club 1; Oxfordian, 2, Business Manager, 1; Chat, 1; Political Science Club, 2; Salon Français, 2.

Dear Harriet,

It will seem strange next year not to drive down Woodland Street and see you sleepily leaning on the bus stop.

I sincerely think that you are one of best dancers in Dance Club, Harriet. Keep it up - I think is the greatest about your going to Connecticut this summer for dance. Best of luck at Oxford and in later life.

Love

Jane.

JANE WITHE

The social smile, the sympathetic tear.

Skillful acting and creative ability are evidences of Jane's varied capacities. School activities are important to her, although she leads a very active social life. As president of Dance Club Jane has stimulated the interest of its members with her many new ideas. She is the only senior to adhere to the "old look," and her long tresses give her an individual and attractive style. Paint and Putty, 4; Dance Club, 4, Vice-President, 2, President, 1; Salon Français, 2; Dance Workshop, 1.

"Oh, We're The Senior Class"

For every other girl listening to the welcoming words of the headmistress, Miss Fitch, on a September morning in 1943, this was just the beginning of another school year. For Jody Chase, Ruth Finch, Sue Huber, Candy Kilbourn and Betsy Knapp this was a special day, for they were starting the class of 1951. In the fall of 1944 these old warriors were joined by several young braves, whose days were filled with tales of Totar and Tristan, two French wooden soldiers about whom we memorized much and understood little except the pictures. When for the third year the class of 1951 returned to Oxford, the last pair of braids had been cut off and we were really growing up. This was the age of piano lessons and senior crushes. When a Senior smiled at a fortunate Seven, 714 became a pink cloud!

We entered class eight bent on distinguishing ourselves. Some one decided that it would be fun to faint; soon Oxford was sprinkled with fainting Eights. With horror Miss Fitch and Miss Lasell asked us to stop; finally Dr. Harvey was called. We were told that each time we fainted we destroyed part of our brain tissue. Dire calamity!

In September of our freshman year we lost several members but were compensated by the addition of thirteen new imps for the study hall proctors to struggle with. Christmas arrived with its merry bells. In all seriousness we planned a party and formally invited several faculty members. When the day came, the small assembly was empty of all chairs save enough for the faculty. We had a tree with no trimmings and cookies without plates. All the bashful freshmen crowded onto the stage while the faculty were stranded alone in the middle of the vast shiny floor. To atone for this mishap we again entertained our faculty, this time, however, more successfully at a faculty-freshmen baseball game. Our class was not so taken up with academic pursuits that we neglected the lighter side, i. e., Emily T. and the unforgettable blue apple incident!

Another carefree vacation of summer reading was over, and at the beginning of our sophomore year we welcomed Miss Graff. The time had come, too, for us to honor the Seniors, and we obliged with a roller-skating party; few of the would-be skaters emerged unscathed. Undaunted, we had another brilliant idea, a class bicycle ride. Our original destination had been Carter's house in Bloomfield, but we actually ended the ride at Bradley Field. Needless to say, after a thirty-mile ride we sat on cushions on Monday morning.

Miss Harry had struggled bravely with our messy closet that year. We hope that we were somewhat rewarding, for without her help we should never have grasped the next-to-last rung of the long academic ladder, class eleven. As Juniors we had the privilege of wearing lipstick, climbing three flights of stairs, flashing our shining new rings, and going en masse for blind dates to Pomfret and Avon. Junior year was serious, too; members of our class began to fill responsible positions. Ann did an excellent job as vice president of O. S. A., while Gracie and her board changed "Chat" from a mimeographed sheet to a printed newspaper. "Chat" was our big splash of the year; deadlines became the prime subject of conversations — except on week-ends, that is.

We were becoming decidedly better athletes, too. Even on the most blustery days our athletic endeavors were encouraged by Miss Gibney in her plaid scarf and beret. Then spring arrived, and the Junior Prom became a reality. The theme was "April in Paris"; directed by Jean and Leita ('50), we sacrificed study periods to make decorations for the gym. From a class dinner beforehand at the Hartford Golf Club we proceeded gaily to the dance. Finally, as the year ended with elections and class night honors, we of '51 claimed many of the laurels.

We finally tumbled into the lounge and our senior year. For the Old-Girl New-Girl party we were forced to tax our small talents and produce that masterpiece, our skit and song. Behind the finished product lay long hours of confusion, rehearsals encouraged by Miss Evans, and nearly vain efforts to learn our song. After the performance we Tallulah Bankheads celebrated with sodas, much to the dismay of Howard Johnson's. The year went swiftly on. Christmas interrupted our studies and after-lunch bridge games in the lounge. Monica graciously lent her house to "the cause", and we again entertained the faculty in grand style. Exams came soon, but before they arrived '51 celebrated The Rise and Fall of Roman Empire Day. Mention is sufficient! Much more festive, the formal dance with its theme of "Winter Wonderland" was a gala success; after varied date problems a large majority of the class descended on Guernsey Hall.

After the house party, the traditions of class night, and commencement we shall be alumnae. The organ will roll, and for the last time as students we shall raise our voices in the school song. Although no longer members of the school, we shall never forget the happy days, the friends we have made at Oxford and the valuable lessons we have learned: " . . . to fight a good fight, to run a straight race, and to keep through all adventure the unbroken vigil of the soul."

I. H. D.
A. C. P.

ATTENTION!

We wish To mention
That our intention
Is to consign
A perfect
Design
Of the Ideal Senior
This composition of form and face
Reflects class voting and denotes first place,

So we'll now proceed without fanfare
To give her Emily's bright red hair
While Phyllis's curls add Their share.
Dorian's eyebrows raised in an arc
Give Gara's eyes an extra spark.
On this ideal girl
Grace's lashes curl
We disclose
That for the nose
Grace and Lizo both we chose.
Jean's mouth, with lots of style
Is curved in Cookie's enchanTing smile
And Pam's white Teeth shine all The while.
To finish out this lovely face
Barb's skin and dimples get first place.
Pemmie's hands so smooth and white
Are tipped with Cynnie's nails so bright.
While Emily's ankles are an added feature
The legs of Vivian support this creature.
Gara's figure, so straight and slim
Plus Betsy's posture, make her trim.
The sound of Betsy's delightful voice
Will linger in memory forever after
And whenever we feel the need to rejoice
We listen for Lizo's infectious laughter.

From many
she's one
Ideal girl
of '51

EC
JK R

	HABIT
Sallie Barr	Yesterday's homework
Claire Bellmer	Talking on the phone

Betsy Butler	Pacing the lounge mumbling my introductions
Rocky Cary	Doodling, knitting, and writing

Beth Cook	Worrying
Cynnie Coolidge	Daydreaming

Pemmie Donegan	Getting checks and paying bills
Dinny Duffield	Cutting my bangs with library scissors

Ann Fisher	Frantically searching for chapel readings
Phyllis French	Borrowing cigarettes, paper, and money to get home

PREFERENCE	SLOGAN	'LL MISS	ANXIOUS
Chewing gum, traveling, and vacations	A new driving thrill for you	Recess lunch	To work(?) at a soda fountain
Knitting, sports, and gym(!!!?)	Girl from Jones Beach	The lounge	To teach or model
Babies and the Yankees	Stop, look and listen	George the tapeworm	To write a book with Barb
Dancing, "wild blue yonder," and meeting people	Be happy, go lucky	The fire in the lounge on cold days	To build an air resort for pilots
Plaid ties, cranberry sauce, and pink	Take a bus and see the world	My corner cupboard in the lounge	To be always healthy, wealthy and wise
Life in general, Vermont, Amherst frat parties	Doing what comes naturally	Oxford dances and the date problem	To live in happiness
The Cape, drama, south, pipes, and flowers	For a treat instead of a treatment	Paint and Putty and the library	To go on Broadway
Princeton, ice cream, and our class	You can't come inside this rope . . .	Oxford, ventilating problem in the porch room	To drive an ambulance through New York
Dogs, music, convertibles, and dancing	Love me, love my dog	The people	To get married and raise dogs
Math, thunderstorms, food, and sincere people	Nothing like her—absolutely nothing! (Thank heavens)	Gracie and the chemistry lab	To be a teacher at Oxford

	HABIT
Barb Gowdy	Seeing Miss Root about refreshments
Jean Hanson	Trying to keep the lounge quiet
Connie Hara	Drawing or thinking of something to draw
Vivian Hathaway	Looking for something—someone
Marcia Keeney	Just a singin' and a thinkin'
Pam Kingan	Collecting money and doing chemistry
Pat Mooney	Waiting for the phone to ring
Anne Carter Peck	Talking, playing Dorothy Dix
Nancy Reid	Getting someone a date with . . . the *cutest* boy
Monica Reidy	Forgetting my glasses

PREFERENCE	SLOGAN	'LL MISS	ANXIOUS
People, Teela-Wooket, and traveling	That Ivory look	Faculty, staff, cleaning up after school affairs	To write a book with Betsy
"Thirds," tall men, swimming at 2 A.M.	Better things for better living	The wonderful kids, helping Dance Committee decorate	To be able to sing
Weekends, plaid vests, peppermint sticks, and dances	Hitch your wagon to a star	Dessertless Fridays and sleepy Mondays	To go to the Louvre in Paris
Dancing, dill pickles, and falling snow	There's no trick to it	Going to chapel on cold mornings	To be a diplomat to Curaçao
Music, science, art, sports (try everything—once)	The pause that refreshes	Everything, after absence makes me grow fonder	To fit Mr. Griswold's definition of maturity
Sea, plaids, and knitting	There'll always be an England	Carrying chairs, and the lounge	To climb up the Eiffel Tower
Ogunquit, white bucks, convertibles, Freddy Gardner's saxophone	Don't just wash your hair—condition it	Dashing to the car at 3:30	To throw "the thing" from the art room window
Cats, chocolate, waltzing, springtime and red roses	My kingdom for a lemon drop	The Service Club mail	To have a poem published in the *Atlantic*
Sophisticated men, modern dance, and college weekends	Good things come in small packages	Dance composition Friday morning—enthusiasm, ha!	To be six feet tall
Chartreuse leather chairs, Cuba, radio request programs	'Tis the season to be jolly	Deciphering Rocky's jokes	To make my bean plant grow

HABIT

Jenny Kate Reynolds	Almost anything imaginable
Emily Robinson	Writing letters—business and otherwise
Pam Snow	Practically anything, but mostly homework
Frannie Steane	Talking, trying to get somewhere on time
Gracie Stephenson	Looking for Mrs. McGuinn
Cookie Stout	Laughing at Pat, talking about—
Lizo Vanderbilt	Running to Miss Carroll, waiting for buses, laughing
Gara Van Schaack	Trying to extract pictures from the Photograhy Board
Dorian Wilkes	Minding other people's business, talking
Jane Withe	Removing my nail polish Monday mornings

PREFERENCE	SLOGAN	'LL MISS	ANXIOUS
Cheeze socfflé, Fords, and chandeliers	Ford's out front	Friday's 8th period history class—and Emily?	To have someone ELSE drive
Doctors, writers, long eyelashes, and Madison	There's only one favorite . . . ?	My early morning rides in Jenny's car	To conduct a symphony orchestra
Air Force, mail, dancing and sailing	Home is where the 'eart is	"Those" study halls in the lounge	To get through school
Crew cuts, white bucks, and dill pickles	Better late than never	The lounge, the ½ size hockey field	To travel around the world
Living, laughing, and letters (on-and-off sweaters)	Time to retire	The desserts Miss Root doesn't know I eat	To found a press room for Oxford
Peaches and soccer players	Kentucky straight	Paying library fines, Lewis	To get a good mark in English
Sleep, gray flannels, and white bucks	Don't hurry, the toast will keep	The bridge games	To finish school
Tall boys and plaid bow ties	Nothing like it on the road	Working on extra-curricular activities	To see the world
All colleges, crew cuts and plaid jackets	If it's Dorian's, it's got to be good	Lunch, Carter's shoulder, and Jenny's car	To get to college
Button-down shirts, dark crew cuts, mail	I dreamed I went dancing—	Looking forward to being a senior	To help Pat fulfill her ambition

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the seniors of '61, being of assorted minds and constitutions, do grasp the pen hidden under the chair, the ink borrowed from the study hall, and the library's eraser, to write our LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT With all good intentions I

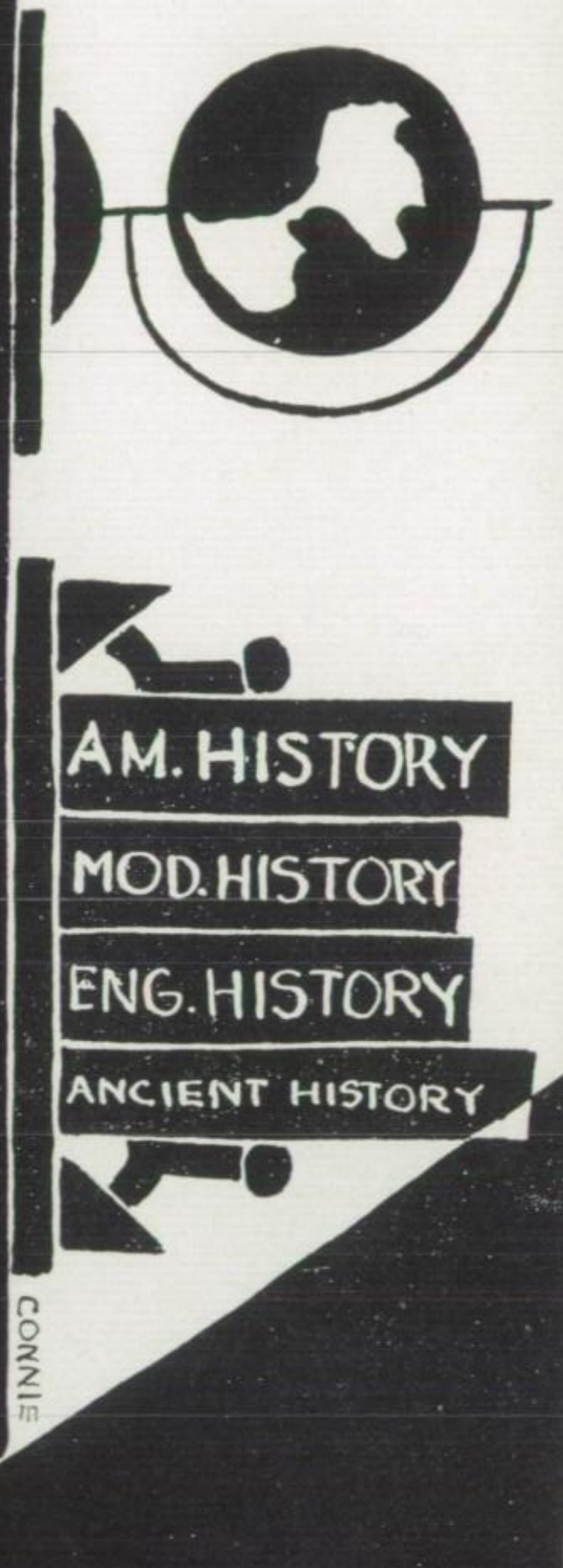
Sallie, leave slightly tattered 'avoir' and 'etre' to Miss Harry.
Claire, leave my spikes to some short person.
Betsy, leave Alice a peaceful life at home and at Oxford.
Rocky, leave future dance classes a broom for the gym floor.
Beth, leave a Hartford residence to Manchester commuters.
Cynnie, leave my daydreams to Pudgy Peck
Pammie, leave the P and P treasury in peace
Denny, leave still arguing as I chase the Princeton tiger.
Ann: leave Susan Ker own clothes
Phyl, leave Miss Hamilton to solve Judy Sansone's problems
Jean, leave my problems to Norm and Cynny, wishing them luck
Connie, leave my "Be Quiet" posters to next years seniors
Vivian, leave a trail of blue yarn
Marcia, leave the perplexed faculty a key to my method of spelling
Pam K, leave on a slow boat to England
Pat, leave Bette T to play midget auto-racer at the table alone
Carter, leave my desperate cry, "Anyone want a kitten?"
Nancy, leave my collection of rings- all models.
Monica, leave the Charleston to South Carolina
Jenny, leave Gail G to keep the Midwest from falling into obscurity.
Emily, leave Jenny with an empty car and ½ pack of Old Golds
Pam S, leave Bowdoin to the care of Judy Malinar
Frannie, leave ½ hr earlier so I'll get there on time - maybe
Gracie, leave my left eyebrow for Wendy W. to operate.
Cookie, leave Louis to carry the ladders alone
Sara, leave Bette T my green Packard, hoping she'll be on time.
Barb, leave Miss Gibney's patience to other poor memorizers
Liza, leave "Christmas just around the corner"
Dorian, leave my name at Yale.
Jane, leave Gretch a Tone

Shutting the desk drawer and collapsing on the couch for the last time, we thank all the school for their patient attempts to understand us.

Dashing off —
The Seniors

Marcia Harvey

CLASSES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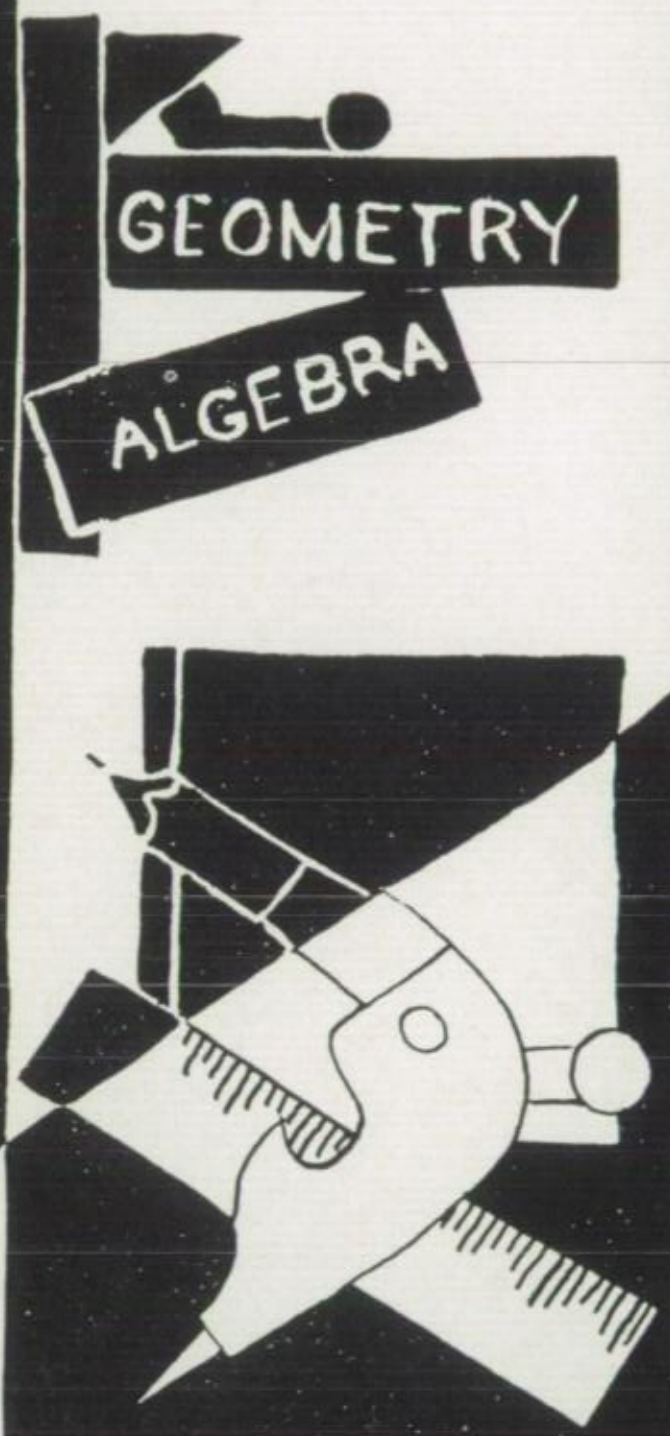

GEOMETRY
ALGEBRA

CHEMISTRY
BIOLOGY

LATIN
FRENCH
POETRY
ENGLISH
SPANISH

Left to Right—First Row: Sally Walton, Alice Butler, Cynthia Kohn, Patricia Hanson, Susan Taylor, Leonice Knox, Edith Wilcock, Pamela Day. *Second Row:* Heidi Wood, Nancy Austin, Helen Farquhar, Sandra Travis, Judith Faust, Jane Andrews, Ann Cosmus, Eunice Strong, Barbara Deeds.

Class Seven

President: Susan Taylor
Vice President: Pamela Day
Secretary-Treasurer: Cynthia Kohn
Representative: Judith Faust

Left to Right—First Row: Jean Van Derlip, Helene Liberson, Martha Palmer, Smedley Chapman, Jenifer Gordon, Wendy Smith, Suzanne Hammond, Harriet Perlysky, Alison Scoville. *Second Row:* Diana Burke, Emily Walker, Constance Strike, Susanne Johnson, Carol Goodman, Sally Clark, Elizabeth Brown, Barbara Dunnell, Nancy McGann, Miriam Bateson. *Third Row:* Louise Heublein, Evelyn Houghton, Judith Hasselbrack, Alice Cooley, Sally Holt, Susanne Scherer, Elizabeth Fried, Sharon Smith, Judy Jones.

Class Eight

President: Jenifer Gordon
Vice President: Judy Jones
Secretary-Treasurer: Susanne Johnson
Representatives: Barbara Dunnell, Louise Heublein

Left to Right—First Row: Katrina McLane, Sherry Banks, Sarah Austin, Priscilla Cunningham, Susan Fisher, Pauline McCance, Sheila Hirschfeld, Miriam Ford, *Second Row:* Margaret Riley, Betsy Robinson, Julia Green, Gail Myers, Hope Learned, Cassandra Sturman, Ann Whitman, Susan Safford, Lois Delaney, Elsie Ives Goodrich, Mary Elizabeth Fluty, Marjorie Harvey; Eleanor Brainard, Pamela Connolly. *Third Row:* Caroline January, Lois Levin, Betty Adams, Dixie White, Sandra Solly, Susan Carvalho, Roxanne Richards.

Class Nine

President: Susan Fisher
Vice President: Sandra Solly
Secretary: Sheila Hirschfeld
Treasurer: Sherry Banks
Representative: Cassandra Sturman

Left to Right—First Row: Priscilla Dimock, Olga Campaine, Harriet Clifford, Barbara Hooker, Carole Marks, Sally Gershel, Joan Safford, Margaret Tate, Sabra Grant, Sandra Gladstein, Wendy Williams. *Second Row*: Barbara Unsworth, Eleanor Clark, Kathleen Johnson, Mary Davis, June Heard, Carol Goldenthal, Bland Dew, Gail Gilmore, Laura Martyn, Rosamond Miner, Loulie Hyde. Judith Sansone, Betsey Fisher. *Third Row:* Sarah Taylor, Nancy Faust, Barbara McBride, Vitaline O'Connell, Faith Learned, Mary Pearsall, Hope Johnson, Ann Mirabile, Mary Ann Goodman, Cynthia Smith, Cynthia Hanson. *Absent:* Joan Elbaum, Page Phelps, Beverly Shultz.

Class Ten

President: Joan Safford
Vice President: Olga Campaine
Secretary-Treasurer: Loulie Hyde
Representative: Wendy Williams

Left to Right—First Row: Elizabeth Taylor, Cynthia Korper, Helen VosBurgh, Jane Adams, Gail Goodrich, Judith Simons, Linda Bland, Norma Scafarello. *Second Row:* Catherine Larrabee, Gretchen Jaeger, Anne Rogers, Diane Davis, Marjorie Short, Janice Pike, Mary Jeanne Anderson, Gilda Sheketoff. *Third Row:* Bettina Pierce, Ann Baldwin, Joan Muter, Margery Peck, Janet Olson, Ann Tillinghast, Emily Hall, Judith Molinar.

Class Eleven

President: Jane Adams
Vice President: Emily Hall
Secretary: Margery Peck
Treasurer: Gail Goodrich
Representative: Helen VosBurgh

Left to Right—First Row: Sherry Banks, Sheila Hirschfeld, Judy Jones, Susanne Johnson, Jenifer Gordon, Pamela Day, Susan Taylor, Cynthia Kohn. *Second Row:* Gail Goodrich, Margery Peck, Loulie Hyde, Olga Campaine, Susan Fisher, Sandra Solly. *Third Row:* Emily Hall, Jane Adams, Pamela Kingan, Marcia Keeney, Emily Robinson, Jean Hanson, Joan Safford.

Class Officers

School Statistics

	In Senior Class	In Rest of School	
Most essential to school life	Ann F.	Mary Jeanne A.	Joan S.
Most school spirited	Dinny D.	Joan S.	Gretchen J. Vitty O'C.
Most likely to become famous	Anne Carter P.	Wendy W.	Judy S. Priscilla D.
Most versatile	Betsy B.	Wendy W.	
Most popular	Ann F.	Gretchen J.	
Most enthusiastic	Dinny D.	Vitty O'C.	Gretchen J. Joan S.
Best actress	Betsy B.	Wendy W.	Priscilla D.
Best student	Sallie B.	Mary Jeanne A.	
Best athlete	Dinny D.	Sally A.	Judy M.
Best musician	Emily R.	Lois L.	
Most artistic	Connie H.	Wendy W.	Sheila H. Faith L.
Most individualistic	Gracie S.	Vitty O'C.	Joan S.
Most resourceful	Gracie S.	Wendy W.	Margaret T. Ann T.
Most responsible	Ann F.	Helen V.	Mary Jeanne A.
Most original	Connie H.	Faith L.	Vitty O'C.
Most modest	Betsy B.	Jane A.	Mary Jeanne A.
Best disposition	Barb G.	Joan S.	Helen V.
Most poised	Betsy B.	Wendy W.	Priscilla D.
Most sophisticated	Jane W.	Wendy W.	Bette T.
Most imaginative	Rocky C.	Faith L.	
Most happy-go-lucky	Rocky C.	Vitty O'C.	Marjorie S.
Most feminine	Nancy R.	Priscilla D.	Blannie D. Joan E.
Most attractive	Jane W.	Gretchen J.	Barbara U.
Best sense of humor	Lizo V.	Vitty O'C.	
Most considerate	Barb G.	Joan S.	Cynny K.
Best sport	Lizo V.	Judy M.	Vitty O'C.
Best dressed	Claire B.	Gilda S.	Mary Jeanne A.

"Every mile is two in the winter."

"Would you both eat your cake and have it too?"

"The pause that refreshes."

"I'll turn over a new leaf."

"A penny for your thought."

"All for one, one for all."

"It was Greek to me."

"What do little girls talk about?"

"What seest thou?"

"Which of the three?"

"The more the merrier."

"No use crying over spilt milk."

"Woe be it to him who reads but one book."

"Say a word 'o comfort to th' man that stubbed his toe."

ART CLUB
CONNIE

Left to Right—First Row: Miss Evans, Olga Campaine, Helen VosBurgh, Mary Jeanne Anderson Ann Fisher, Miss Graff, Sandra Solly, Wendy Williams, Miss Harry. *Second Row:* Anne Carter Peck, Susan Fisher, Joan Safford, Barbara Gowdy, Jane Reynolds, Emily Hall, Gara Van Schaack, Cassandra Sturman, Jane Adams, Emily Robinson, Isabel Duffield. *Absent*: Jean Hanson.

Oxford Council

President: Ann Fisher
Vice President: Mary Jeanne Anderson
Secretary: Barbara Gowdy
Treasurer: Jane Reynolds

Left to Right—First Row: Mary Jeanne Anderson, Isabel Duffield, Miss Lasell, Elizabeth Vanderbilt, Cynthia Korper. *Second Row:* Emily Robinson, Joan Safford, Hope Johnson, Barbara Gowdy, Emily Hall, Frances Steane, Gara Van Schaack. *Absent:* Jean Hanson, Page Phelps.

Athletic Council

President: Isabel Duffield
Vice President - Treasurer: Emily Hall
Secretary: Hope Johnson

Left to Right—First Row: Priscilla Dimock, Ann Whitman, Wendy Williams Jane Reynolds, Nancy Reid, Frances Steane, Barbara Hooker, Lois Delaney, Judith Simons, Isabel Duffield, Pamela Kingan. *Second Row:* Emily Robinson, Grace Stephenson, Judith Sansone, Elizabeth Cook, Gara Van Schaack, Mary Jeanne Anderson, Marjorie Short, Constance Hara, Vitaline O'Connell, Rita Stout, Mary Davis, Patricia Mooney. *Third Row:* Anne Rogers, Gretchen Jaeger, Catherine Larrabee, Jane Withe, Elizabeth Donegan, Elizabeth Butler, Mary Pearsall, Joan Safford, Vivian Hathaway, Anne Carter Peck, Ann Fisher. *Absent:* Mrs. Gavert, Jean Hanson, Page Phelps.

Paint and Putty

President: Frances Steane
Vice President: Gara Van Schaack
Secretary-Treasurer: Elizabeth Donegan

Left to Right—First Row: Sherry Banks, Sheila Hirschfeld, Priscilla Dimock, Harriet Clifford, Jane Withe, Mrs. Diaz, Ann Whitman, Nancy Reid, Margaret Tate. *Second Row:* Helen VosBurgh, Anne Rogers, Dorian Wilkes, Faith Learned, June Heard, Elizabeth Butler, Barbara McBride, Maud Cary, Pamela Snow, Isabel Duffield, Patricia Mooney. *Absent:* Nancy Faust, Page Phelps.

Dance Club

President: Jane Withe
Vice-President: Priscilla Dimock
Secretary-Treasurer: Elizabeth Butler

Left to Right—First Row: Nancy Reid, Phyllis French, Mrs. Dexter, Vivian Hathaway, Miss Harry, Mme. LaBrecque, Grace Stephenson, Dorian Wilkes. *Second Row:* Constance Hara, Marcia Keeney, Elizabeth Donegan, Jane Withe. Pamela Kingan, Anne Carter Peck, Ann Fisher, Patricia Mooney, Claire Bellmer, Cynthia Coolidge. *Absent:* Sallie Barr, Jean Hanson.

Salon Francais

President: Vivian Hathaway
Vice President: Phyllis French
Secretary-Treasurer: Elizabeth Donegan

Left to Right—First Row: Jane Reynolds, Elizabeth Taylor, Maud Cary, Mrs. Paul, Gilda Sheketoff, Elizabeth Vanderbilt. *Second Row:* Emily Robinson, Elizabeth Cook, Diane Davis, Gail Goodrich, Mary Jeanne Anderson, Rita Stout, Gretchen Jaeger, Bettina Pierce.

Spanish Club

President: Maud Cary
Vice President - Treasurer: Gilda Sheketoff
Secretary: Rita Stout

Left to Right—First Row: Judith Simons Ann Tillinghast, Helen VosBurgh. *Second Row:* Gail Goodrich, Miss Gibney, Susanne Johnson, Catherine Larrabee, Marjorie Short, Emily Hall.

Editor: Ann Tillinghast
Assistant Editor: Judith Simons

Chat Board

Left to Right—First Row: Miss Jarrell, Anne Carter Peck, Miss Hamilton. *Second Row:* Frances Steane, Helen VosBurgh, Elizabeth Vanderbilt.

President: Anne Carter Peck
Vice President: Helen VosBurgh

Service Club Executive Board

Left to Right—First Row: Gail Goodrich, Diane Davis, Jane Adams, Miss Hall, Nancy Reid, Grace Stephenson, Elizabeth Vanderbilt. *Second Row:* Cynthia Coolidge, Vivian Hathaway, Elizabeth Donegan, Barbara Gowdy, Marjorie Short, Elizabeth Cook, Jane Reynolds, Dorian Wilkes, Janice Pike. *Third Row:* Bettina Pierce, Ann Baldwin, Judith Molinar, Joan Muter, Margery Peck, Janet Olson, Pamela Kingan. *Absent:* Monica Reidy.

Political Science Club

President: Jane Adams
Vice President: Elizabeth Cook
Secretary-Treasurer: Barbara Gowdy
Transportation Manager: Diane Davis

Left to Right—First Row: Elizabeth Cook, Elizabeth Butler. *Second Row:* Catherine Larrabee, Margaret Riley, Sandra Gladstein.

Chairman: Elizabeth Butler

Chapel Committee

Left to Right—First Row: Katrina McLane, Norma Scafarello, Sarah Austin, Barbara Hooker, Faith Learned, Linda Bland, Carole Marks, Margaret Tate, Bland Dew. *Second Row*: Ann Baldwin, Joan Muter, Cynthia Smith, Eleanor Clark, Ann Tillinghast, Barbara McBride, Cynthia Hanson, Pamela Connolly, Gretchen Jaeger, Janice Pike. *Absent:* Mrs. Ziemba.

President: Faith Learned
Vice President: Gretchen Jaeger
Secretary-Treasurer: Janice Pike

Clef Club

Left to Right—First Row: Priscilla Cunningham, Pauline McCance, Olga Campaine, Cassandra Sturman, Wendy Williams, Judith Simons, Elizabeth Taylor, Mary Jeanne Anderson, Judith Sansone. *Second Row:* Cynthia Coolidge, Emily Robinson, Ann Fisher, Susan Fisher, Eleanor Brainard, Vitaline O'Connell, Nancy Faust, Mary Davis. *Absent:* Beverly Shultz.

President: Beverly Shultz
Vice President: Judith Sansone

Chapel Choir

Glee Club

Left to Right—First Row: Grace Stephenson, Wendy Williams, Sabra Grant, Sandra Solly, Hope Learned, Susan Safford, Cassandra Sturman, Miriam Ford, Pauline McCance, Cynthia Korper, Olga Campaine, Priscilla Cunningham. *Second Row:* Marcia Keeney, Frances Steane, Eleanor Brainard, Phyllis French, Dixie White, Carol Goldenthal, Emily Robinson, Laura Martyn, Sandra Gladstein, Loulie Hyde, Diane Davis, Judith Simons, Mary Jeanne Anderson. *Third Row:* Nancy Faust, Judith Molinar, Margery Peck, Ann Mirabile, Mary Pearsall, Vivian Hathaway, Catherine Larrabee, Emily Hall, Marjorie Short, Gail Myers, Barbara Gowdy, Elizabeth Taylor, Judith Sansone. *Fourth Row:* Mary Davis, Vitaline O'Connell, Gail Gilmore, Cynthia Coolidge, Claire Bellmer, Ann Fisher, Betsy Robinson, Betsey Fisher, Susan Fisher, Pamela Kingan, Joan Safford, Sarah Taylor,

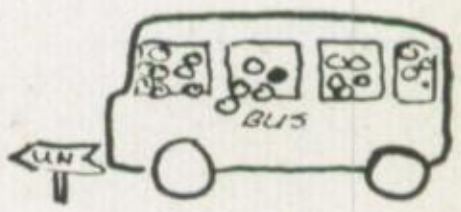
President: Emily Robinson
Secretary-Treasurer: Judith Simons
Vice President: Emily Hall

As I See It

ptember 19, 1950: Dear Diary, After about ninety-five days of vacation my alarm ng at the unspeakable hour of seven. As of yore I gulped my breakfast and stily dashed for the too-familiar bus, arriving just as the chapel bell rang. ss Graff and Mr. Treadway welcomed us in the opening service of the year. was good to see everyone again, tanned and filled with fellowship. Later at the mnae-student hockey game my schoolmates succumbed to the opposition. Spurred by lusty cheers we did score twice, but the agile alumnae bettered our score by

tober 6: Diary, you must forgive my not filling in every day, but with homework l whatnot it is impossible. I'll record the most important events, however. bert and Sullivan had strenuous competition tonight. Their characters were the me of the Old-Girl New-Girl Party. Our sporting faculty also dressed for the casion. Athletic Council supervised, and Paint and Putty took us on a "Journey Camden," bumps and all!

I'm disgraced! Everyone else wore gray; I wore red. The Oxfordian Board s upset. (Yearbook pictures were taken.)



Columbus Day — a holiday. Some of the Seniors, Sevens, and Eights traveled Sturbridge Village with Miss Hall. A real adventure into the past.

I had my fortune told, bid at the auction, and ate two dozen cookies. The ford Fair was tremendous fun.

Sir Alfred Zimmern encouraged us with his views of the United Nations at embly today. I am eager to see the U. N. in operation.

vember 2: We caught Faith Learned with green powder on her hands in assembly s afternoon; General Motors came with their science show to give demonstrations, chose volunteers.

The sleepy Juniors, Seniors, and Miss Hall started their trip to the United Nations 7 A.M. Later they provided their bus driver, Mr. Williams, with Miss Root's kies and their own merry songs. The upperclassmen are becoming noticeably ernational-minded.

Members of the Hartt School of Music and the Hartford Symphony Orchestra ertained us during assembly period on the flute, cello, and harp. I was fascinated the harp.

Under Mrs. Gavert's direction Paint and Putty presented a curtain raiser and of the Portmanteau Plays by Stuart Walker, "A Sunny Morning", "Six Who ss While the Lentils Boil" and 'Sir David Wears a Crown". Practically pro- sional!

This morning in chapel Rabbi Feldman addressed the school before Thanks- ing recess.

December 2: My blind date and I danced to the music of Bob Halprin at the informal dance. "Blue Moon" was the theme, and the decorations were tops. I won't mention my date.

4: For the Latin chapel service this morning Cathy Larrabee read from the Bible and Judy Sansone sang "Agnus Dei".

10: The Oxford Glee Club was hostess to the Loomis Glee Club this evening. Dancing, small talk and refreshments followed.

18: Vivian Hathaway and Anne Carter Peck conducted the chapel service in French. Salon Français a chanté aussi. Pretty good, n'est-ce pas?

20: With the hanging of wreaths and the singing of carols Oxford closed for the Christmas vacation. Santa Claus in the form of Miss Graff distributed candy canes.

January 3: After thirteen gay days, jingling bells rang once more at 7 A.M.

10: Dean Hirshon of Christ Church Cathedral spoke during assembly this afternoon.

17: Dance Club and Dance Workshop demonstrated the progression of technique today. Mrs. Diaz was in charge.

22: Exams! "Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt".

February 7: Mrs. Alexander Keller showed a film about the Marshall Plan in practice in the Netherlands.

10: The gym was transformed into a "Winter Wonderland" by Jenny Reynolds and her committee. I had fun. This date was not as blind as the last!

14: Miss Dunne from Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School talked about choosing a vocation. I wish I knew WHICH talent I should develop.

22: Holiday. Celebrated George Washington's Birthday chez nous. My French is improving!

March 1 and 2: With the audience participating, Glee Club under the direction of Mrs. Ziemba presented "Let's Make an Opera". Some in the audience were more enthusiastic than tuneful.

10: Apparently this was an extra hard day in the lives of some of the Seniors. I heard harassed shrieks about College Boards.

March 22 - April 9: Spring vacation. For further reference see my scrap book.

April 26 and 27: Paint and Putty produced "The Rivals", a five-act play by Sheridan. Mrs. Gavert directed.

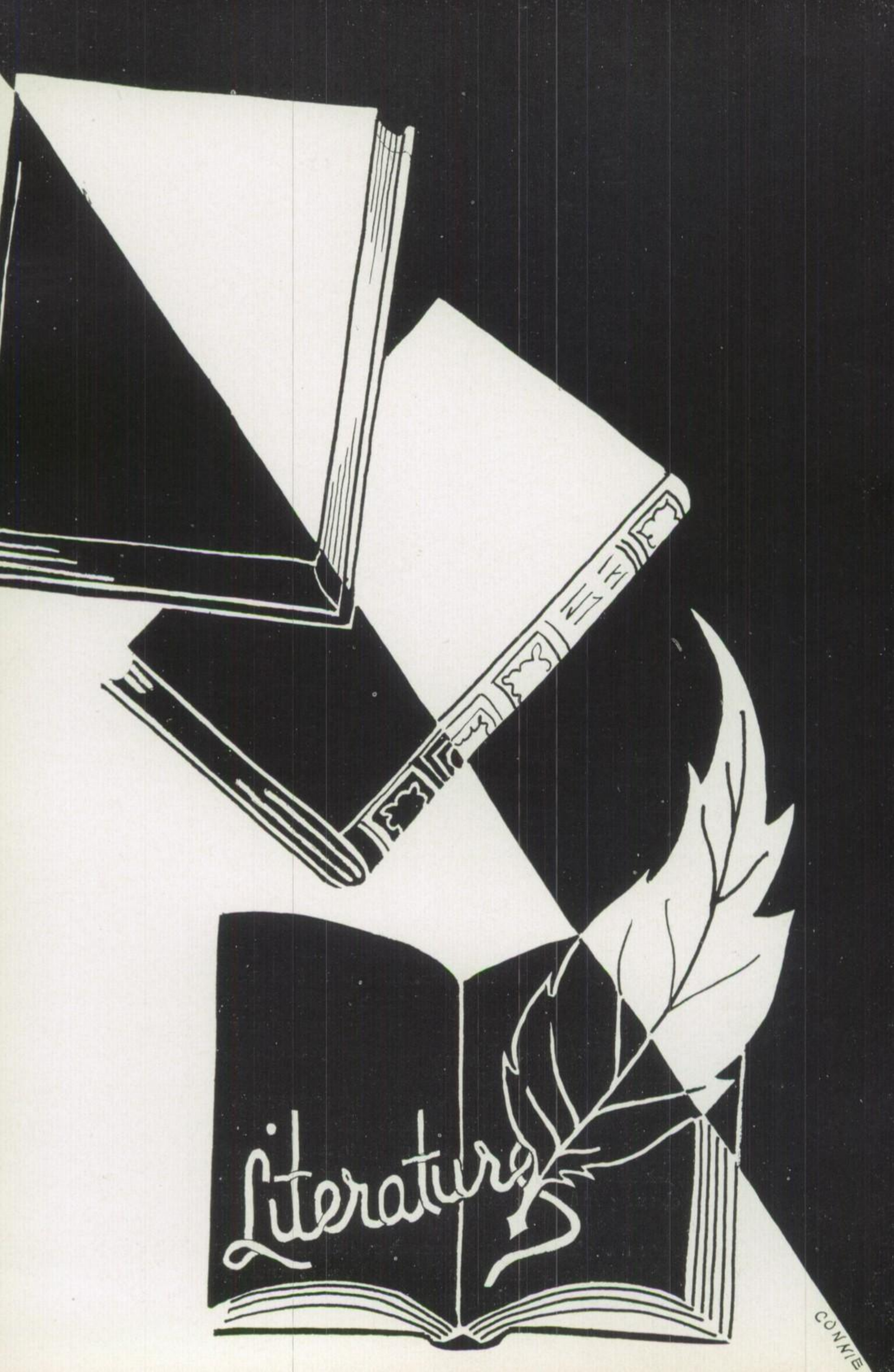
May 19: Pandemonium! The Juniors took College Boards today.

24: Father-Daughter Dinner. My first date with Daddy; he shows promise.

June 12: Class Night. Another night, another year,
Another class, another cheer!
(Maybe poetry is my vocation.)

13: Graduation. Adorned in white and clutching bouquets, the seniors went down the aisle. Perhaps I shall, some day.

JUST ANOTHER OXONIAN.


literature
CONNIE

The Mighty Mountain

Carol Goodman, Class VIII

There it stands,
An everlasting monument of peace;
It has lived through joy and sorrow, and
Around its base have been fought many wars.

This rock still stands.
None of man's great machinery can move it,
For this is the "Mighty Mountain,"
The everlasting mountain of God.

Best Friends

Faith Learned, Class X

It was a dark, cloudy day, early in September. The summer had come to an abrupt end after Labor Day, and all the summer people had left the little town of Weston.

A girl stood on the beach watching the waves roll up and wash away papers, little shovels, strainers, and sand toys left by people who only a few days ago had been there. She sighed as she remembered the castles with moats, bridges and gardens, which only a few days ago had been scattered all over the beach, making it a medieval kingdom. This land of knights and chivalry had disappeared and the beach was now completely bare. The sound of a fog horn in the distance ended her daydreaming. She turned and ran along the beach in her bare tan feet, the wind blowing her long brown hair out behind her.

Suddenly she remembered. Alice was coming home from the mountains today! How nice it would be to see her again. She remembered the fun they had had together all winter, and suddenly was glad that school would begin again soon. She and Alice could be best friends again; laughing together, whispering to each other, doing everything together, and letting no one enter into their own private world.

She had left the beach and was walking through the tall grass that led to Alice's house. Up ahead the field ended and there were woods. She ran along the path that they had worn by going to and fro between each other's houses, whistling softly as she went. Suddenly she came out of the woods into a clearing and there looming up in front of her was a big old brick house.

At first she thought that nobody was there, but then she saw the car in the garage, and heard a screen door slam and voices coming from the porch. She began to run towards the porch but something made her stop suddenly.

Sitting on the porch railing was a tall girl with short blonde hair, and laughing blue eyes. Her nose tilted naughtily upward and was covered with freckles. She wore a blue cotton and high heels and was talking gaily to a girl beside her.

"Gee, it's perfectly terrific that you're moving to Weston, Jeannie! Now we can be friends all year around instead of just in summer time. I know you'll just love the kids in our class at school! Let's be best friends, shall we? We can sit together, and do everything together at school. Why, we might even have . . ."

Just then a noise over by the bushes made her look up. A thin little girl in blue shorts and bare feet was running through the woods. Tears were streaming down her face. There was only one thought in her mind. She had to get away; she had to go to the sea, and the wind. They were her only real friends. Perhaps they would understand.

On Being a Little Boy

Wendy Williams, Class X

The turmoil within his mind
Is like the indecision
Of a small bird;
It wants to fly
Yet knows not how.
His curiosity is great;
He is strong;
His devotion is undying
And he is safe
From the world.
The wonder of it all —
He loves the people
Who amuse him so,
For he is young
Yet vastly wise.
His realm a magic land;
The ruler laughs aloud
With the sheer happiness
Of living, and being
A little boy.

Insignificance

Ann Fisher, Class XII

I reached the top of the cliff
And stood for a moment — just looking,
Felt the wind sweeping through my hair
As it sailed fiercely to some distant place.
Far below me I saw the stream
With the swift torrents
That gushed through the rocky opening.
I looked across at the mountain of green,
Made of wondrous monstrous things.
I thought of how far into eternity
These lives would all pass on —
The cliff, the stream, the wind, the trees.
I looked into time and saw with wonder
How small a part I play in the scheme.
And yet there must be some reason for it,
For God did put me here.

Reflecting

Grace Stephenson, Class XII

Oh, lonely brook, gone are the carefree days when we used to while away the hours playing at your bedside. You have aged. Where is your red wooden bridge? All that remains are a few sorrowful boards unable to withstand the furor of snow and the heat of sun. Once a glory, now a disgrace, they lie disheartened and ashamed.

Even your song is different. Tears seem to have replaced babbles. Weeds encumber your passage and instead of a joy it is a task to roll on.

No longer do we hide in your grass. Your fishes enchant us not; they are too small. The water has become too cold for wading, the flowers less colorful. On winter afternoons you are too far away for skating. Even when you do freeze, your surface is bumpy.

Why did you grow old? Because of this your friends have forsaken you. But no! I hear voices in the distance, young children's voices. They are coming this way!

Are we the ones that have changed? Are we lonely and forsaken? Oh, brook, help us to find the right path!

. . . And Sunshine

Vitaline O'Connell, Class X

With drowsy eyes, and the comfort of sleep
Still within us,
How joyfully we greet
The first banners of the morning sun;
The bright red and gold, and fluid silver
Of the dawn.

All through the April forenoon,
Torrents of translucent rain
Quench the thirsts of the parched earth.
Small rivulets now run
And join one another, on their way
To form a pool, to reflect
The sun's brilliance.

Then through June's noontide
The hot bombardment of the sun,
Throwing his blazing arrows upon us.
And when evening comes,
He lays down his arms
And lies in sleeping scarlet glow.

Meanwhile, the great earth spins
With precise, unhurried assurance
That the harvests shall be prepared
By the miracle of the sun.

Appendicitis

Betsy Robinson, Class IX

George kicked the ancient mule in exasperation. Mules were supposed to be slow, but really, old Surefoot should be given a medal as the slowest mule in all Kentucky. And in an emergency like this, too. The region where George had just digested a few cold, hard biscuits tightened up uncomfortably as he thought of his mother lying writhing in pain on the old tick mattress, with only a moth-eaten blanket to cover her from the twenty-degrees-above-zero night. George kicked old Surefoot again. The mule made a slight heaving sound, and George patted her neck.

"No old gal," he said, "you-all ain't very speedy but you sure does deserve yore name. You h'ain't missed a step yit and this here's rough goin'."
The Kentucky night was very still, and the moon was very bright as George and Surefoot plodded along the mountain trail. George tried to think as he rode. He knew that there was a Frontier Nursing Station a little the other side of Hazard on the edge of the clearing. He must have gone about half way. That meant he had about three miles to go.
Meanwhile, at the Nursing Station, Miss Warner was busily putting several little bottles into a big white medicine cabinet. She was unusually tired, but this was her night to stay up in case of emergency. Just as the last bottle found its place in the cabinet, there was a timid rap on the door. Miss Warner opened it and stepped back in surprise. A tired little boy was standing in the doorway with a rope in one hand. At the end of the rope was a bedraggled old mule, breathing heavily, rather like a steam engine. Miss Warner quickly regained her composure.
"Here," she said, "let me take your mule. You go in and sit by that stove till I come back." She took the old mule to the stable and placed her in charge of the sleepy groom.
"Saddle up Lightfoot and Papoose," she ordered. "We'll probably be needing them." Back in the room by the stove she questioned George carefully.
"She aches somethin' awful," said George worriedly.
"Where is the pain?"
"I can't rightly make out. Sometimes it's here, and sometimes there. She said not to get help; God would take care of her. But I just had to come, she was ravin' so."
"Come on," said Miss Warner, getting up. "Think you can make it back on a good horse? How far is it?"
" 'Bout six miles or thereabouts. I can make it, I guess. Got to."
Within an hour and a half they had arrived at the rickety shanty.
"George," said Miss Warner, "go tie the horses where you keep Surefoot and put their blankets on. There're some oats in the saddle bag." As she went in, the dim light from the interior glistened on the snow, and George heard a low moan from his mother. Then the door shut. He stood paralyzed for a moment and then Lightfoot nuzzled him questioningly as if to say:
"What's the matter, old chap? I'm here, what more do you want? I'm hungry."
George led the two horses into the "barn," a ramshackle lean-to attached to the house, and began working on Papoose's coat.
A half hour later, Miss Warner looked up to see George's wizened little face peeping cautiously around the door.
"Come in," said Miss Warner with a smile. "Your mother is going to be all right. She's sleeping now."

George's mouth had opened wider and wider while she was talking and now his jaw looked about to drop off. Miss Warner had to repeat her invitation to come in before he finally shut the door and came timidly in to stare at the bed. His mother's face, which had been wincing in pain and anguish before, was now completely relaxed. It looked tired as usual, but very peaceful, at rest.

"Now you sit down here," said Miss Warner, gently pushing him into place before the old fireplace, "and I'll do a little picking up."

George watched her, still with a rather dazed expression on his face, as she bustled about the dirty cabin, picking up things here, sweeping in a corner there, and making the room look as respectable as possible.

"George," she said, when she had done as much as possible with the meagre furnishings, "do you know what Christmas is?"

"It's the day when Jesus was born," replied George promptly, "and it's coming soon."

"Right," smiled Miss Warner. "It's better for you to remember that, than to remember what many children do, all the presents they'll get, and the tree, and their stockings."

"What tree?" asked George.

So Miss Warner began on the age-old traditions of Christmas until George was thoroughly educated on the subject.

Finally she said she must go, but she would be back tomorrow, with another nurse and Surefoot, and food and blankets, and all kinds of mysterious plans.

And that is how it all came about. George is now happily settled in a house in the little town of Hazard, Kentucky, with his mother. His friend, Miss Warner, is hard at work arranging bottles in a big white medicine cabinet at the Frontier Nursing Station.

The Woods

Susan Taylor, Class VII

There are woods on Strawberry Hill,
The woods are quiet, quiet and still,
The pines are pretty, the dogwoods too,
And over the hill is a beautiful view.
Fox and rabbits run in these woods
While squirrels store up their winter goods,
In winter the woods are more beautiful yet,
With diamonds and crystals gently set.
The tops of the trees look like crowns of kings
While the lower branches look like angels' wings.
In the woods running through the trees
Is always a soft refreshing breeze.
The pines are beautiful, straight and tall,
They are as sturdy as a stone wall,
These woods are right in back of our house,
They are usually as quiet and still as a mouse.

November's Mood

Evelyn Houghton, Class VIII

Crisp, clear air,
The cry of the wild duck a challenging dare.
Cold, steel-blue sky,
A flaming bonfire left to die.
A silver frost on the rolling hills.
November.

Home for the Brave

Joan Safford, Class X

"It's five thirty," Bob's mother called upstairs, interrupting the fast and furious game of cops and robbers in the guest room. It was already growing dark, so Henry and Bob reluctantly picked up their belongings and *some* of the sofa cushions, and landed downstairs via the banisters.

Henry was bundled into his jacket by Bob and wished a noisy good night at the door. With a hearty "Heigho, Silver!" he galloped off the lighted porch and down the driveway to show he didn't mind going home in the dark. But once outside the friendly light he slowed down and began humming to keep his spirits up.

A low growl closeby made him pause a moment in his song to listen. The growl grew to a bark but Henry didn't stay to see the owner of it. He ran and ran, terrified, to a kindly street lamp and stood there watching the unknown dark and feeling his heart pound, like mysterious footsteps, furiously in his head. Regaining courage and his breath he left the lamp and ventured again on his way. His shadow followed him, long and elusive, clinging as though glued to his feet. He walked warily, his imagination now fully aroused to the shadows and noises. He skirted the leaves made huge by shadows and walked on the grass to deaden his footsteps. The wind blowing the bare branches of the trees made them seem like old witches, whose crooked, ugly arms tried to grab him as he passed. He could see a one-eyed pirate, "Treasure Island" style, crouching behind every bush and hedge, ready to spring with naked blade glinting. Boy!, he thought, how nice it would be if he'd brought his cap pistol! That would show 'em and perhaps scare the dark away, too!

He went into the light of another street lamp and his shadow still followed him as he left the light behind. The stars twinkled down on him but were too far away and seemed too cold to be very comforting. He could hear the distant sound of a piano and as he passed a lighted home smell the supper smells. He shivered. Another stretch of lonely dark and then his home, with the porch light gleaming on the knocker. Nothing else in the world could have looked as wonderful at that moment. Free now from cold and fear he bounded up the stairs, two at a time, and opened the door just a crack. He then looked carefully behind him and quickly jumped inside slamming the door behind him with a sigh of relief. Leaning back against the door he smiled.

His mother came from the kitchen with her apron on and helped him off with his jacket.

"I hope you didn't mind coming home alone, dear," she said.

"Oh, no, it was fun!"

My Little Flower Garden

Leonice Knox, Class VII

I have a little flower garden
of which I'm very fond.
It has five little pansies,
around a little pond.
It has a little rose,
as sweet as sweet can be.
It has ten little lilies,
who look so dear to me.
It has one little daisy,
swaying in the breeze.
It has two little morning glories,
who climb my fence with ease.
My favorite little flower,
in this little garden of mine,
Is my little purple violet,
swinging on a vine.

Spring

Jane Andrews, Class VII

The daffodils in the wind — play.
The leafy boughs of the tree — sway.
The robins sing.
The bluebells ring.
Many a happy heart is light and gay.

Pixie

Anne Carter Peck, Class XII

Saddle a leaf and slide down a breeze,
Land in a raindrop up to your knees,
Dive with your raindrop into a flower,
Climb to the top of its lavender tower.
Look for a toadstool all fluted in white;
A glow-worm who lives there will serve as a light.
Creep into his house at the edge of the lawn
And dream pixie-dreams till the cold rain is gone.

Popularity Contest

Dorian Wilkes, Class XII

As the season begins, many of the seniors are bewailing the fact that most of the boys from the vicinity are away at college or prep school. To most of us the year stretches out in one series of dateless Saturday nights. Now, at the end of the first week of school, the class has been invited to a dance at a nearby college to meet its freshman class. With something to look forward to, life has become perceptibly easier. Although the dance has not yet become a reality, I can predict from past experience how it will proceed.

Since freshmen are not allowed to have cars, we are dependent on our own resources for transportation. This involves either our own cars or the use of a taxi (for a slight fee). Once there, we are mercilessly herded into a large bare room. At one end a mass of males are huddled together. The shy ones stay close to the background while the braver and more independent ones approach the center, frankly staring in an effort to select the most beautiful girl with which to impress their classmates. Now the race is on! As the girls begin to collect in one corner, the boys nearest them edge forward, constantly straining their eyes in order to make a careful selection. As the music plays, the prettiest girls dance with what inevitably turn out to be the most popular boys.

Gradually as the better looking girls are weeded out, other, less interesting boys with fairly keen consciences move toward the remaining girls, selecting somewhat more blindly than their predecessors. Both boys and girls feel that they could do better in the way of a partner.

The group dwindles until there are only three or four girls left. The rest of the boys are either shy, unable to dance, or disapproving of what they see. The girls huddle together for moral support, giggling somewhat loudly in a vain effort to creat the impression that they are having a great deal of fun.

This pattern continues until the end of the dance at eleven-thirty. Some girls are observed to take their leave reluctantly, while others, if one watches closely, display an unmistakable look of relief.

By Monday morning the evening is remembered by all as a long stream of blissful events. The success of the individual is measured by interest enough on the part of one of the boys to continue the friendship. This is proof of true popularity, and is, of course, the real reason for going in the first place.

Oh well, I always preferred Yale men myself!

Pattern

Betsey Fisher, Class X

Lost, a little black lamb;
Forgotten, an old bear;
Broken, a china doll;
Patched up, a wooden horse.
Wished for, a picture book,
Seen, some jumbled letters.
Stacked, a pile of drawings;
Hidden, a blot of ink.
Well kicked, an old bedstead,
Drawn on, some wallpaper,
Well smudged, a window pane.
Built up, a blanket house;
Dropped, a blue rubber ball.
Overflowing, a small drawer;
Scribbled on, a story book.
Drooping, some dead flowers;
Lacking, a table leg.
Strewn around, coloured blocks;
Looked for, just some order,
Found, a child's nursery.

The King

Edith Wilcock, Class VII

The loveliest place
I'm sure must be
The stable where
He came to be.
A king so great
Was born that night,
To give the world
A second sight.

Inspiration

Louise Heublein, Class VIII

Clinging to the corners of the mind,
For an instant silhouetting
Thoughts of times now long gone,
Abandoned, forgotten, smooth as glass.

Then a ripple of memory comes.
We try to grasp it, but forgetting,
It quickly fades away,
Leaving the mind as before
Tranquil and still.

Food for Thought or Fodder for Horses

Ann Tillinghast, Class XI

How does one bridle in thoughts, corralling them in separate paddocks, never allowing them to trespass into the realms of imagination? Why is it that soft dreamy music stimulates them to action, makes them fight against the reins that bind them, finally enabling them to break loose and gallop unhindered, tearing up past memories hitherto well covered by will power? Why is it that thoughts possess the power to transport one into the past or the future, to bring pain or happiness? How can one halt the flowing tears which emerge from the depths of the heart as a stampeding

thought kicks into a past reminiscence or a future expectation? Some people say that they have complete control over their thoughts. Have they discovered the architectural plans for erecting so strong a barrier that nothing can impose upon it? If they have, is it not tiresome to muse and calculate mere formulas instead of allowing their chargers to run unchecked at intervals? I wonder, and yet if I chanced to come upon the blueprints, would I choose to construct impregnable structures or let my steeds roam at will?

The Home-coming

Priscilla Dimock, Class X

The train slowly pulled itself into the station and with one final groan seemed to collapse completely there as though hot and fatigued from its long trip south. The station appeared completely devoid of shade, and the people sitting there were oblivious to anything around them, moving only occasionally just enough to cool themselves from the oppressing heat. Nor was their steadfast gaze into space diverted as a young man descended onto the platform. The tapping of his cane made dull sounds against the sparkling pavement as he cautiously wound his way to a waiting cab.

As he reclined his lanky frame against the shiny cushions his sandy hair seemed prominent in the dimness of the cab. The tanned leatheriness of his face had an almost stern line, strange for one so young; yet his eyes, lacking expression, looked from the cab unseeingly into the almost blinding sunlight. He shifted uneasily in his seat as he neared the end of his journey. In answer to the cab driver's request he paid the fare and slowly descended from the car onto the glaring sidewalk.

The tapping of his cane again seemed the only sound in the hot afternoon except, perhaps, for an occasional squeak of a rocking chair on some far-off shaded veranda. The young man went slowly up the walk, up the steps and onto the porch of a rambling old house. He knocked hesitantly on the door, and receiving no answer, knocked again, and again, each time louder and with more force, but each time with no response. Then with a dull thump his knocking ceased and in the hot afternoon the faintly receding tap of his cane was the only reminder of his homecoming.

Faith and Steel

Vivian Hathaway, Class XII

I. They live in houses of steel and stone,
These modern people
Who laugh at God's name;
Supercilious souls sufficient to themselves.
Prayer and God are forgotten;
They are secure, invincible, the kings of civilization.
Miracles are only wrought by modern science;
Death seems dim and unfamiliar
To those who live in houses of steel and stone.

II. The sun disappears, the rains begin.
These modern people shrug their shoulders
In annoyance.
Their tools of civilization are useless —
Their radios sputter, their lights flash out.
The river muddily overflows its banks;
A wind whips from the depths of the flood-soaked earth.
A sturdy elm crashes through their fading security
They are helpless!
They run;
A child sobs;
A dog howls;
A neon sign crashes to the sidewalk.
Their omnipotence is ended . . .
A woman humbly bows her head.
Men look skyward, searching for something, some one.
A cry arises
"He must be able to stop this!
The good God is all-powerful;
He will end the storm;
He will save His People"
Where, oh where, are their houses of steel and stone?

III. The wind finally fades into the recesses
Of the night; the rains abate.
The people once more walk the streets
Among their houses of steel and stone,
Convinced that the storm was only a rampage of Nature.
They are safe again, the kings of civilization.
Though God besets them on a thousand frontiers,
They are positive, these sophisticates,
That science is the only truth.
Yet sometimes they see the warped stumps
That surround their houses of steel and stone,
And remember.

Car and I

Sallie Barr, Class XII

Car and I were on bad terms from the very beginning. From the moment I first pressed an uncertain finger on the starter, we were at odds. The first time I tried to drive Car, he glared balefully at me with his headlights, and then stubbornly refused to start; in vain I pressed the starter and pumped frantically on the gas. The only result was a series of half-hearted sputters which soon died away into a sickly silence. I could sense Car's triumphant attitude. Determined not to be outwitted by a mere piece of mechanism, I firmly pulled out the choke and bore down on the gas. In a roar of tubercular wheezes and coughs, Car sulkily and sluggishly pulled away from the curb. However, at the first Stop sign, Car deliberately stalled. Fearing I had encountered some unseen obstacle, I crawled out. There was a nasty, self-satisfied smirk on Car's front bumper. Back behind the wheel I crawled, and after much jerking and gagging, Car started up again.

On that first occasion I just drove Car, or rather Car drove me around the block. By the time I arrived home, I was exhausted and hysterical. I remembered the oft-repeated admonition of my driving teacher: "Know who's boss," he had said — a totally unnecessary piece of advice. I knew just exactly who was boss, and so did Car.

Since that first time, I have driven Car quite often and his attitude has shown an improvement, only a shade, to be sure, but, nevertheless, an improvement. Car no longer stalls at every single Stop sign. He has rationed this pleasure more frugally since he has found that I can be vicious when aroused. He no longer calmly refuses to start upon every possible occasion.

However, he takes an insatiable delight in roaring suddenly at the top of his carburetor when I am trying to start. Whenever he does start, it is with much jerking and bucking. He often deliberately sticks his left window when I want to make a signal, and he still refuses to go anywhere near the curb when I want to park.

However, Car is driveable, and, until the not-too-distant day when his ill-tempered antics make me renounce all automobiles forever, he will continue to be driven.

(Note: Every incident in this story is absolutely true and any similarity to persons living, or perhaps by now dead, is not a bit surprising.)

Train Time

Catherine Larrabee, Class XI

A vague point of the hand was all I had to show me the way. I was in Los Angeles and on my way to San Francisco. My train was to leave in exactly two minutes according to the clock, and my cousin, caught by the traffic, was only able to point out the direction vaguely before she drove away with all the cars.

What was the name of the train? I could not remember as I approached the gates. Panic began to rise and I knew that I had only about a minute left. What would I do? I was twenty miles from anyone I knew, and alone. Morning Daylight! That was the name. I ran through the gate labled "Morning Daylight" and started to hand my ticket to the conductor. He calmly said, "Take it over there, miss," and pointed to a man sitting at a desk. The bag and packages which I was carrying seemed to grow heavier with every step towards the desk.

I thrust the ticket into the man's hand and as he returned the stub he said, "You had better hurry, miss; the train leaves in thirty seconds. The train is at the gate marked seven."

I looked down the tunnel that held my fate, and my heart sank lower and lower. There were ten gates and you might know that mine would be near the end. I ran down the tunnel, but my progress seemed eternally slow. An elderly woman behind me said, "If you make it, hold it for me?" I nodded as I ran but all of a sudden one of my packages fell. My heart just seemed to hit bottom as I stopped to pick it up. I was almost there but when I reached gate seven I heard the engine start. I looked up the flight of stairs but could not see the train. My strength was almost gone as I mounted them. My suitcase banged against every step but I paid no attention although I was lucky that it did not open.

When I reached the top, the conductor stopped me, saying, "There is no need to rush, miss, the train will not leave for at least twenty minutes. They are changing engines."

Hunting

Ann Baldwin, Class XI

The stillness of dawn in the morning,
The mist of the clouds hanging low,
The chill of the air, the smell of the reeds,
A boat moving softly and slow.

A flutter of wings in the thicket,
The ripple of waves by the oar,
The pant of a dog, the crack of a gun,
The ducks are beginning to soar.

The sunlight is piercing the heavens,
The call of the ducks flying high,
The bang of a gun, the bark of a dog,
A duck falling out of the sky.

The dream of a hunter is answered,
In the chill and the chill of the dawn.
The gunpowder smell, the path in the blind
Are lingering after he's gone.

But Never Forget That He Believes In You

Jenny Kate Reynolds, Class XII

An atheist once said, during a discussion of religion, "I don't believe in God," to which his companion replied, "You may not believe in God, but never forget that He believes in you!"

There are many disbelievers who could dispute this idea. There are many who take a pessimistic view of their problems, and their reasoning goes something like this: "There is only one God, and yet there are millions of human beings in this world. How, therefore, can He hear and answer my

prayers? Many times have I prayed, and yet my prayers remain unanswered. Why did He take my wife from me, even though I prayed that her life might be spared, that my children would not be motherless?" Or, "Why can't I succeed in business; why can't I be spared poverty or illness? Why is there not everlasting life for all men? Surely He is not watching over us, or there would be no evil, no hatred among men, no wars."

There are two answers to these questions. First, how can God hear my prayers, when so many people pray at once? I think the best explanation, surely the most plausible, is that as God represents infinity, there is no time, no minutes nor seconds, in His realm. Therefore, each prayer is a separate thing, a question to be dealt with as it is presented. In that way, there is always time for each one, so that He may hear and answer each as He sees fit.

Secondly, why, if God is pictured as love and happiness, must there be evil, hatred, and wars? Why, if God controls our thoughts and actions, isn't there universal peace? Is it not God that makes us think and act as we do? Does He not control our every movement? The answer to this is that God does not control our thoughts and actions. It is not God, nor Fate, but we ourselves who are our own masters. God can only be a guiding light, not a dictator whose every bidding we must follow. This is proven in the symbolic story of Adam and Eve and the forbidden fruit. As the story goes, in the Garden of Eden, where dwelt Adam and Eve, or more realistically, in the beginning of the world, there was no Evil, only Good. Then God placed the forbidden fruit in the garden, giving Adam and Eve a choice between Good and Evil. He did not govern them in such a way as to keep them from it, but He let them choose their own way, and as the story continues, when Eve picked the fruit and Adam ate it, they introduced Evil into the world of Good, and it was from that stem that the evil in the world has grown; not from God's choice, but from our own. He can only lead, and if we do not choose to follow, that is our fault, not His. He is a Father to us, His children. He can show us the way, but it is we who must make the decision to follow along that way. And yet, to help us in our life, to show us the way, to show His belief in us, He has given us the guideposts of beauty, love, and peace of mind. But, you will say, it is mortals who paint pictures, write beautiful music and good books. It is we who love and seek peace of mind. True, but is it not through His inspiration? Artists paint pictures of the beauty of nature, but what is this beauty? It is a signpost of God. It is His doing, as are all good and fine things. It is God's way of showing that no matter how bad the world may be, He still believes in us, in our ability to choose between right and wrong, in our ability to have peace and love, and above all, in our ability to love Him as He loves us, forever, through all eternity.

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SENIORS

51

by E.E.B.
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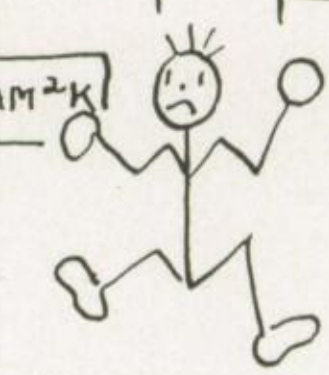
ROOM 3

MONICA

UPSTAIRS HALL



STUDY HALL

ROOM 2

DINING ROOM

HLETIC FIELD

GRACIE

JANE

DOWN STA

BACK OFFICE

DINING ROOM

PHYLLIS

DORIAN

LAB

PORCH ROOM

UPSTAIRS

DOWNSTAIRS